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No. 3

Macdonald College Magazine



1923

February

March

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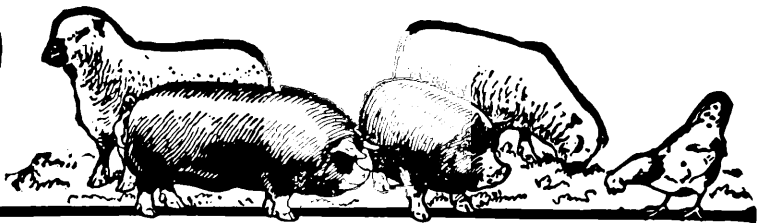
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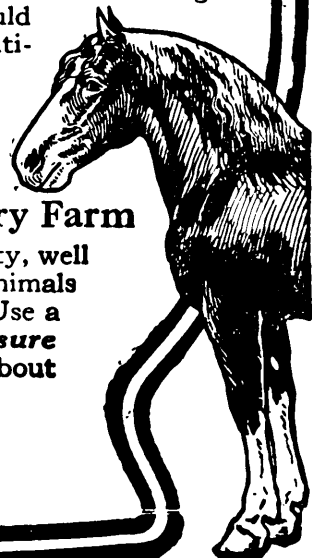
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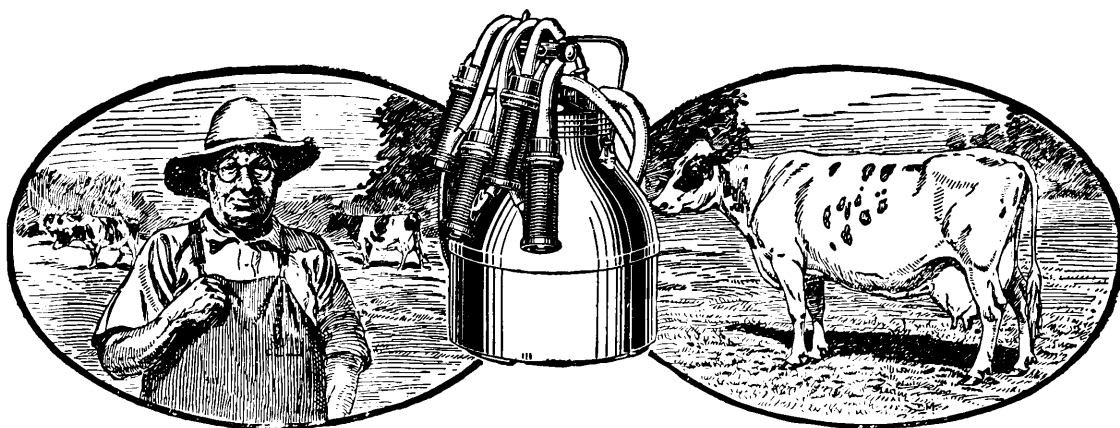


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Mr. Stevens also has other champions in his remarkable herd, most notable of which are *Ormsby Jane*, junior two-year-old milk champion of Canada, and *Jane DeKol of Glen Rae*, senior two-year-old milk champion of Canada, both of which have never been milked in any other way but with a De Laval Milker. Mr. Stevens says:

"I am very proud and naturally much gratified over my success in producing these champion animals, but it is only right that I should give the De Laval Milking Machine its full dues as the most important agency in the development of these records. These facts are all beyond question and should settle the matter conclusively for those intelligent dairymen who are asking the question as to whether the De Laval Milking Machine will pay them."

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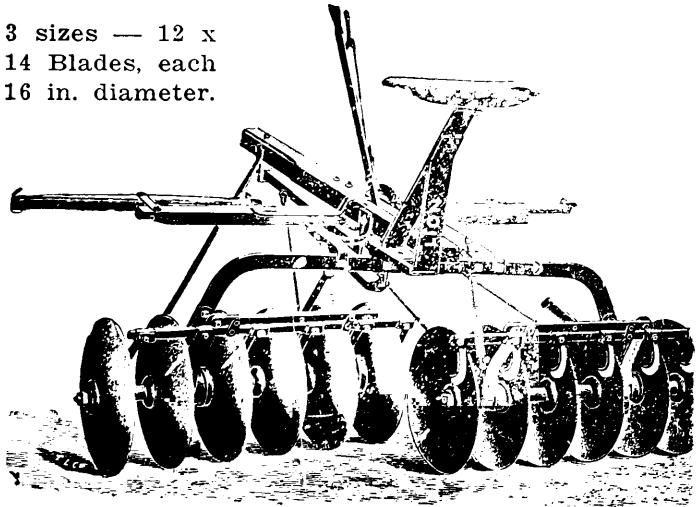


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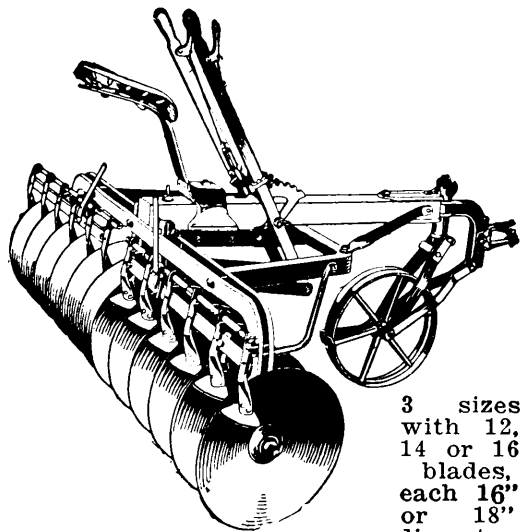
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The Winter Course, 1922-1923

The “Compleat” Education

“I call, therefore, a compleat and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.” —John Milton

By Dr. B. T. DICKSON, Macdonald College

Four years of active residence in an agricultural college such as ours should develop three major phases in the life of every student, and just insofar as these phases are well co-ordinated so is a student qualified to enter upon life's problems in the world. They may be briefly summarized as follows—that which has to do with observation, logical thought and intellect and which is generally termed academic training; that having direct relation to the physical well-being of the student and which comes under the caption athletics; and that having to do with his relation to the community in which he lives, which may be placed in the general category of social and community activities.

Academic training has for centuries been the outstanding function of colleges and the desire to obtain such training accounted for the attendance of many students at higher institutions of learning. As a result systems have been evolved whereby training is given in specific courses by highly trained instructors who are able to determine more or less accurately the rate of progress of any given student in any given course. Custom has established that much abused method—the examination—with its cramming, its nerve-racking, its percentages to the second decimal point, and so on *ad absurdum*. By passing through this gamut of courses and examinations successfully a bachelor's degree is earned and received. But the qualities developed in the other phases of college life during those years receive no direct recognition, although they are in-

variably considered by employers as highly important. In life, not only is academic or technical knowledge fundamental, but also foresight, self-reliance, determination, common-sense, tact, self-control and good sportsmanship. One is repeatedly asked of certain applicants for positions—“Has he initiative?” “Is he a willing worker?” “Is he resourceful and energetic?” and so on.

The Great War indicated the need for good leadership, and the chaotic conditions resulting from the war indicate still more pointedly the need for sane and determined leaders in every walk of life.

In the School of Agriculture it was felt that something should be done to foster the development of the *extra-academic* phases of college life and if possible to give direct recognition of them. It was therefore planned to attempt a scale of marking supervised by Advisory Committees whereby, after a student's purely academic standing had been determined, his *general efficiency* would be reckoned by taking 75 % of his academic standing and adding to it whatever part of 25 per cent he was worth physically or from a community point of view. This was arbitrary in a sense but much more lenient than is the case in the world at large. There it is more likely that academic attainments would be evaluated at 25 per cent and the others at 75 per cent. The difficulty involved lies in the fact that specific courses are not given in tact, common-sense, resource, leadership, energy, initiative, etc. It was felt by many instructors that attempts were being made

to measure the immeasurables. Eventually it was decided to separate academic and *extra-academic* phases, courses being credited as of old. The other activities are to be optionally reported on by every instructor for every student with whom he comes in contact; the results are checked by the Advisory Committees and submitted for final grading to the whole staff. They are then filed and regarded as confidential. They will not affect the *general proficiency* standing but will indubitably affect recommendations for positions. The credit of the college depends upon the manner in which positions are held as well as on the type of work done by the incumbents of those positions.

The grading is 'excellent,' 'very good,' 'good,' 'average,' 'poor,' and 'very poor.'

The points considered are indicated in the following summary:—

1. *Personality*

Ambition, initiative, resourcefulness, judgment, common-sense, reliability, enthusiasm, sympathy, courtesy, dignity, humour, loyalty in co-operation, attitude towards criticism.

2. *Efficiency qualities*

Industry, accuracy, rapidity, neatness, punctuality, interest, observation, memory.

3. *Community activities*

Athletics, debating, magazine, college societies, etc.

It is worth while to note the views of the British Colonial Office as indicated in the questions asked about candidates for positions in the Colonial Service. These questions are put to responsible referees after the candidate has undergone a rather rigorous personal examina-

tion before a committee of five, the members of which rarely investigate the academic qualifications of the man—his training in that respect being taken for granted if he is recommended by his professors. Below are given some of the points considered and they are worth much quiet thought:—

Intelligence

Ability to think broadly and logically and to come to sound conclusions.

Foresight

Capacity to anticipate events and to provide for contingencies.

Resource

Readiness in devising expedients, practical ingenuity.

Self-reliance

Readiness to decide upon a course of action and to accept responsibility for reasons made.

Determination

Capacity steadily to follow a course of action once selected.

Judgment

Capacity to maintain touch with facts; common-sense.

Force

Capacity to impose opinion on others, driving power.

Energy

Inclination to strenuous effort in the line of duty.

Self-control

Capacity to maintain mental equilibrium and to avoid unwise self-indulgence.

Tact

Capacity to attain objectives without arousing unnecessary antagonism.

Leadership

Capacity to secure acceptance of standards and views.

Trustworthiness

Inclination to accuracy of statement and to faithful and efficient performance of duties.

Physical fitness

Capacity to enjoy muscular effort and to withstand its fatigue-producing effect.

In conclusion I would urge upon every student the need for doing one's bit in building up a worthy Macdonald and thereby strengthening the *esprit de corps* of the whole. The status of a college is largely determined by the ideals of its student-body and high personal ideals will go hand in hand with safe institutional spirit.

SCIENCE vs. FATE

By STEVE WALFORD, '25

(First Prize. Literary Society Story-Writing Competition)

The poker fight in Al's room had been a howling success—howling in every sense of the word. Al was always a wonderful host until he reached his capacity; he then became the snappiest little scrapper I've ever barked my knuckles on.

At about three-thirty, one of the boys piloted me home. I had hated to leave but had realized that a chap of my size stood small chance of survival when that Freshman bunch started to celebrate by way of a free-for-all argument.

I waited till my bed rotated around to me and rolled into it. I lay there, but sleep seemed impossible. Finally, in disgust, I decided to work until sleep would overtake me. I gazed blankly at the articles strewn over my desk in a literary disorder; there were innumerable books, pencils, alarm clocks, desk lamps and drawing instruments scattered about, which gave it an ideal atmosphere for the "model student" as we see him pictured. The thought amused me.

A splash of red dismissed the reverie and recalled to me an interruption in the lazy past. It was a Physics book. I had put only two hours on my daily assignment before leaving the work; another hour and a half would see it completed. "Physics it is, then!" I muttered emphatically.

With a few deft sweeps of my arm I collected all my implements around me—books, pencils, pens, compasses, slide rule and other minor accessories. The imposing array set me thinking:

"This conquest of nature is a high and worthy ambition, from a scientific viewpoint, but why do they wish all the detail work of the campaign on to me—a budding chicken-fancier? Physics, equations, laws,—all bunk! And that slide rule—pretty toy, but what's the use of it all to me? Scientific farmer! Huh!. This little dissipation of feelings seemed to relieve the pressure within, and, slide rule in hand, I settled down to the grind. Only

thirty-six examples to be done and then—bed!

For two full hours I juggled figures, twisted logs, sines, roots, formulae, accelerations and components, cooking judiciously where necessary. But was the use? The figures were all double, and it was only a fifty-fifty gamble that I select the right one at each setting. Disgusted, I tossed the book aside. "Roost for mine!" I vowed, adding rather despondently, "wish Al hadn't invited me in till I'd washed out these blankety-blank examples."

"Roost nothing!" thundered something within me, "You've an engagement in Montreal at eight o'clock, you'll have to catch the six-eighteen." It was Memory returning. I glanced at the alarm clock—it was six-two; that meant that I had sixteen minutes in which to dress and tramp to the C. P. R. station.

The shock of the discovery supplied enough motivating force to carry me to the side door; the first gust of wind that I confronted supplied enough stimulant for the rest of the journey. It was a cold, damp, east wind, which, besides cutting through to my very marrow, made travelling through the drifts doubly difficult.

My mind was perfectly clear now, as was proven beyond doubt by the calm, connected line of thought running through it, "These radio-controlled trains certainly are a wonderful advance in motive power; practically no human element concerned, absolute accuracy, fool-proof, and a wonderful saving of wages and equipment. It certainly should revolutionize the industry. Seems almost incredible that a whole maze of passenger and freight traffic can be controlled practically automatically, except for the occasional interference of a dispatcher." And so it ran, marvelling at this latest and greatest discovery in machinery—the automatic, radio-driven and controlled locomotive.

I reached the station exhausted and

stood on the Departure Bloc. The recording dial registered the fact. In a few minutes the train ground to a standstill and I embarked. Once started, I became apprehensive of the big blue flash which I had noticed issue from the control-cabin as I lingered on the step for a last breath of fresh air. My fears were augmented by the manner in which we gained speed. Something peculiar was afoot!

A lone commuter stood on the Departure Bloc at Baie D'Urfe. The engine showed no respect for the stop signal. Before I had feared; now I was certain that the control coil had burnt out.

But I was not alone in my fears. Even as I was thinking thus, the conductor rushed by me towards the engine. I followed him. He tried the brakes, then tried to uncouple—no effect.

I shall never forget the look of fear, horror, dread and dismay on that man's countenance. He cursed the engine, the brakes, the coupling, the radio control, the man who had induced him to start railroading; in fact everything came under his wrath. A few quiet words recalled him to the main issue; he was speechless. In twenty-eight minutes we would plough through Windsor Station; in twenty-nine we would be merely corpses amid a mountain of debris

It struck me like a flash of lightning—an inspiration!!! "Conductor," I asked him, "do you know that place at Sortin where the two lines cross? Well, does the automatic freight wait there every day until we pass?" He nodded, puzzled. "Can you control it with your dispatching outfit?" A second nod, registering deeper perplexity. My questions followed one another as quickly as he could answer them. "How long is this engine? How fast is it travelling? How far from Dixie to the cross-track? How fast can the freight engine travel? How long

to gain this speed?" And so for fully three minutes. I jotted down the figures as quickly as possible, then felt for my slide rule. I slid it, inverted scales, juggled formulae coefficients, sines and roots; I estimated and averaged. Figures swam like spectres before my gaze. I worked with feverish haste but unerring accuracy. Finally below the index on the scale I read the figures 125. To me this meant 1.25 minutes.

The working of the rule had not only puzzled, but rather fascinated the nerve-racked conductor, who stood like a child, awaiting orders. They followed thick and fast. "Uncouple the freight engine and try it out!" A few deft twists applied to several control knobs and a pressure on the key decided this question. His very expression showed success so far. "Run it to the mile-limit semaphore." Several seconds silence. "All set?"—a nod.

In the following few seconds I explained the proposition. He smiled with childish delight—he would, after all, see his wife and kiddies again.

Just then a dot flew past—Dixie Station. It marked our "zero hour." I glanced at my watch. The race between Science and Fate was on. In one minute, fifteen seconds, we would play the last act in the saving of the two hundred passengers abroad. The nervous strain was tremendous. A greasy rail, a change in wind velocity, a drift, in fact, any one of a thousand factors might wreck my plans. We both stood tense.

The second hand crept on. Finally, summoning all possible courage and steadiness I announced, "Ready; on your mark; set; go!" A tick of the key ended our part of the deal. We waited. Only one minute and twenty-eight seconds would terminate the ordeal.

Have you, patient reader, any scenes stamped so indelibly on your memory that

you feel Time itself will never efface them? I have—just one. It is the period of twenty-two seconds that followed the first observation of the freight engine by a rather nervous passenger. She raised the alarm. The only evidence of the monster bearing down on us from the left was the headlight, which, like an expanding, glistening, malicious eye struck terror into all who saw it. The hum of the engine soon became apparent and grew in volume with each succeeding second. Men swore and prayed; women fainted, screeched or gazed, petrified, at the one-eyed monster that they thought was bringing their doom. The light seemed to burn terror into their very souls. Children clung terror-stricken to their hysterical parents, their fear augmented by their absolute ignorance of the cause. Still it rushed toward us, gaining speed every second. Its roar sounded like a death knell to most of us.

The wails in the car were heart-rending. They rose in pitch and volume, drowning the sound of the engine, till the only warning of the impending catastrophe was the dazzling, tantalizing gleam of the headlight as it bore down steadily, ominously. We waited, tense, maddened by the display of absolute cowardice all around us. I say, we waited.

The crisis came with a thundering crash. We all gasped, expecting the car to crumple at any instant. Nothing happened. The whole train full of passengers stood aghast as the cars glided to rest unharmed. The freight engine had ploughed into our engine and the two had plunged in a tangled mass into a string of empty freight cars alongside. Science had won.

The conductor was the first to recover from the shock. He rushed up to me and clapping me on the back burst into tears of joy and—no, it wasn't the conductor either. Gradually it dawned upon me—it

was my room-mate's hand on my shoulder that had awakened me from my nightmare.

He took the slide-rule from my still insensible fingers, where it had lain for

several hours, and helped me into bed. "Better snatch a few minutes sleep," he advised me, "if you still intend to go to Montreal to-day. I'll get a cold compress for your head."

Learning To Skate

When I was about eight years old, I read a short story about skating on the canals in Holland. An illustration depicting the happy figures gliding along the ice gripped my attention to such an extent that the impression on the memory remains as vivid as ever. Little at the time did it occur to me that I would ever have the opportunity of even learning to skate. What child born in the Tropics, where the thermometer registers during the so-called winter months 80 deg. in the shade, who has been told of the bitter cold of the countries further north, would for a moment think of visiting them? A trip north during the summer months would be as much as one would care to attempt.

But time changes. Circumstances compelled me to spend the early part of a winter in Europe, where I actually saw frozen some of the canals of which I had read so many years before. However, the opportunity for skating never presented itself. The nearest approach to it was sliding across a pond on boots with smooth hob-nails in the soles and heels. The serious business in which I was engaged did not permit the time, inclination, nor opportunity for further indulgence.

Some few years afterwards, life at Macdonald provided the opportunity. The Christmas holidays began. One evening, in company of a boon companion who had offered the loan of a pair of skates, I set out for the nearest rink. I was not slow

in putting on what I regarded as my seven-league boots. Then came the rub. I rose from the seat and attempted to walk towards the door. With difficulty I did this, and with some help reached the edge of the rink. Trouble began. My seven-league boots suddenly changed as if by magic into anchors, and I was myself petrified. Try as I would I could not move. My companion, seeing my hopeless condition very kindly told me how to begin. "Look here," he said, "all you have to do is to press on this foot, and push with the other". I did as he said, but still remained glued to the spot. "The ice is not as slippery as it is supposed to be," I thought. Seeing that my efforts to move were not rewarded with success I attempted to stand upright again—and overdid it. My skates shot from under me at a mile per minute, my feet went up in the air; and I was sprawling foolishly on my back. Willing hands rushed to the rescue. They thought, poor, deluded people, that all they had to do was to help. They were mistaken. I was so utterly demoralised that my self-control and strength temporarily vanished. By main force they at length succeeded in replacing me on my helpless feet. "Have another try at it," one said, "I will help you." Grasping my left hand, he pulled me along. Both my feet kept to the ice. I could not, with all my trying, help him in towing his burden. Now they shot forward in advance of my

body, then they were lagging behind. Before we were half-way down the rink, I realized the uselessness of being helped, and implored him to turn back, which, I have no doubt, he was only too ready to do.

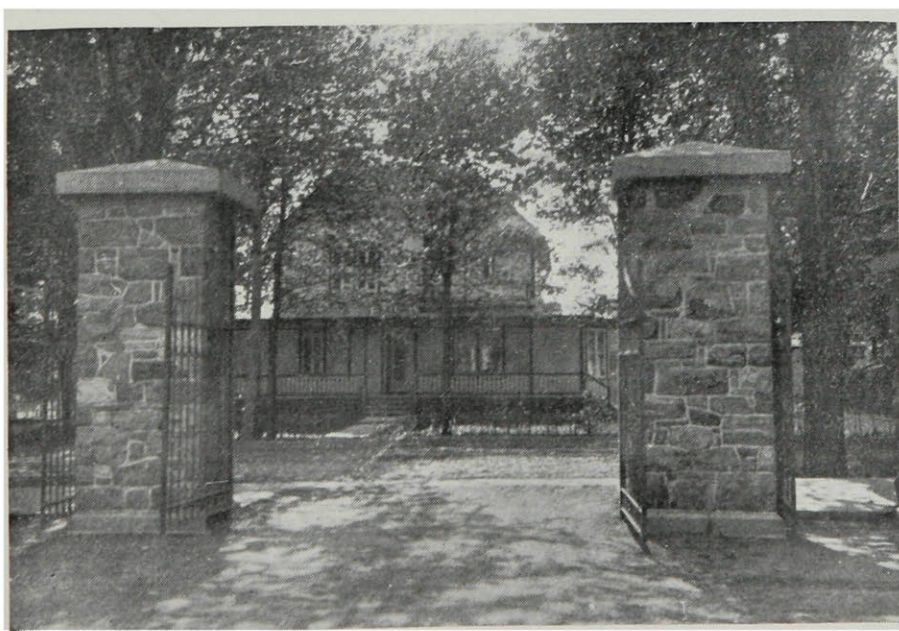
Safely seated on the edge of the rink, my self-control returned. After resting some few minutes I determined to try again. Mustering all my courage and energy, I pushed off, slid along on two feet for some short distance—another push—another yard gained—another yard gained—another push,—a gain in speed—too great I thought, and down again I fell—this time on hands and knees. “This will never do,” I reflected, as I painfully regained my feet, “I must learn first to apply the brakes.” Acting on this principle, I learned first how to stop, then tried again to skate.

For weeks afterwards improvement was slow. Gradually I gained confidence and speed, slowed up to turn at the corners, had several humiliating falls, ran into others and involuntarily embraced

them as if they had been long-lost friends, endured the laughs and comments of others, but was more than ever determined to succeed.

At length, when the season was nearly over, thinking that I was sufficiently proficient in the art to skate with the fair, I started towards them. But in slowing down (Oh unkind Fate!) what should I do but slip and fall at their very feet! There I was sprawling with my back on the ice and feet up in the air. Instantaneously, an oncoming couple, unable to avoid the sudden obstruction in their path, covered my confusion by crushing me under their united weights. The titter that arose I shall remember until my skating career is over.

Now that my second winter at Macdonald is past, and I am able to skim over the smooth ice with as much ease and confidence as my fellow-students, I can look back with pleasure at the trying time I had in overcoming the difficulties of learning to skate. — “X”



THE FAREWELL OF THE WINTER COURSE

One chilly evening the latter part of October, 1922, we finished packing our trunks ready for the next day's journey to Macdonald, where we were not only to be College men, but students of Agriculture. Everybody was tinged with an uncomfortable sadness at the thought of leaving home.

From the four corners of the world came the members of this class, from the East and the West, the North and the South. Many and varied were the lesser schools of learning from which they came.

The first night in College one felt rather strange, amongst this homesick and motley crowd. This feeling has gradually worn off and now all think that the course should have lasted a few months longer. At first it looked as if we were going to have a rather poor outfit, but the table has long been turned around showing an enthusiastic and lively tribe of patriots of good qualifications.

Many friendships have been made within the precincts of this College, and town, within the homes of kindly men and women. While we cannot thank them for positive instruction, nor for absolute inspiration, yet, in saying good-bye, we can recall hours of much merriment, when again and again they lured us from our books and studies to send us back mentally invigorated and renewed. For all these acts of kindness and of love we thank you. We will be leaving shortly and that is the last thing we want to do. In spite of the wishes of all that we stay longer, and of the love we have for all of you, we have to betake ourselves back to the soil, where we will find it rather objectionable when called at 5 a. m..

Although our class is not a large one we have some sturdy specimens of manhood, a couple of Mutts and Jeffs, a few women-haters, and a few outstanding fusers; all, nevertheless have lots of pep and energy. Every one takes an active part in one way or another in some class or College activity, especially in baseball, basketball, and hockey. As we have been here only a short time in which to make good, we have not missed any opportunities to respond to these calls in a whole-hearted way. Punctuality (?) at meals, all practices, games, etc., was responded to faithfully. Indeed, a very good interest was taken at meal times, especially when one was favoured with the sparkling and delightful conversation of the fair sex. It was displeasing sometimes on a Monday morning to find a notice pinned up, informing us that there was a change of tables, but we have to comply with the rules of the College. Nevertheless we assure you that we will miss all of you when we leave.

And now we have to bid you farewell, but we hope you will not quite forget us when we have gone. (Of course, we have an idea you will not). Won't you miss the upright familiar figures entering the dining room any time between 7.30 and 8.00 a. m. for breakfast? (They told you some good stories, at times, didn't they?) We have enjoyed every moment here. It has been well worth our while, coming in contact with so many agricultural enthusiasts, and our friends across the campus. We shall remember for a long time the wonderful, fascinating, jolly and instructive time which we spent in our short College life at Macdonald.—N. A. Henry.

“SUPPS”

We've drunk to the College—God bless
her!—

We've drunk to our students, grand;
We've drunk to every professor
(And we hope they'll understand)

We've drunk as much as we're able,
And the sun swings high for the morn;
Last toast—and your foot on the table!
'Health to those not student-born.'
(Apologies to Kipling.)

Supps are a special class of examination provided for students who are so wrapt up in their subject that they desire to take their exam. over again. They pay the first time the nominal sum of two dollars, while a second indulgence necessitates their placing four dollars in the hands of the Faculty. This last performance is repeated for every further indulgence. Of course a certain amount of tact should be exercised by the participant so that he should not tax the resources of our already overworked faculty to too great an extent.

Only recently I overheard a conversation which goes to prove how thoroughly interested our students are in the possibility of supps. It was one of those glorious spring days when all the students potter round the front entrance of the Main Building.

“Well, Van, what are you specializing in?” “Plant Pathology I guess, if Dr. Snell lets me take his supps.”—“How about you Willow, what are you taking?” “Supps, I guess, I've got two majors in supps this year, I'm not sure yet what I'll take next year.” The conversation was here interrupted by someone shouting frantically, “Exam. results are up.” Later on in the day when the sun had set and the first bull frog had croaked

out in the river, I saw Willow lying at full length on the grass pulling the petals one by one out of a dandelion, and muttering to himself, “every day—in every way—I am getting more and more—marks.” What a display of interest in supps! A real benefit to be derived from supps then is the fact that they supply one with so much more opportunity to make higher marks, and so push up one's average.

But it is as a means of diversion that the whole value of supps lies. When a student tells me flatly that he is too tired at the end of his college day to do anything, much less study, I tell him that the whole balance of his life is wrong and must be adjusted. A man's powers ought not to be monopolised by his ordinary college day. What then is to be done?

The obvious thing to do is to circumvent your ardour for your ordinary college activities by a ruse. Supplemental examinations are provided specially for this purpose, as a diversion. Employ your ardour studying for supplemental examinations before, and not after, you start the college day itself. Herein lies the ruse, the subtle way in which you fool yourself. Briefly, get up earlier in the morning. You say you can not. You say it is impossible for you to go to bed earlier at night. My impression, growing stronger every

year, is that sleep is partly a matter of habit—and of slackness, and that early rising will not cause an insufficiency of sleep.

Rise an hour, an hour and a half, or even two hours, earlier, and—if you must, retire earlier when you can. “But,” you say, “I couldn’t begin without breakfast or something.” Surely, my dear sir, in an age when an excellent spirit-lamp (including a saucepan) can be bought for less than twenty five cents, you are not going to allow your highest welfare to depend upon the precarious immediate co-operation of a fellow creature! Instruct your room-mate to bring back a spirit-lamp from the village with him. Over-night place it in a suitable position;

near by, preferably in a locked cabinet, keep a few biscuits and a box of matches. On the lamp place the saucepan; on the saucepan the lid—but turned the wrong way up; on the reversed lid, the small teapot, containing a minute quantity of tea leaves. You will then have to strike a match next morning—that is all. In three minutes the water boils, and you pour it into the teapot (which is already warm). In three more minutes the tea is infused. You can begin your supplemental examinations while drinking it. These details may seem trivial to the foolish, but to the thoughtful they will not. The proper, wise balancing of one’s whole life may depend upon the feasibility of a cup of tea at an unusual hour—Lance Rolleston.

Wing Collars

By C. D. FOGERTY, '25

A debate has arisen amongst the learned men of the world as to whether the wing collar is an evolved or a degenerate form. Occasionally this subject is brought before Macdonald College in a concrete form. It is not my purpose to express an opinion on this troublesome question, but merely to state the facts of the case, and a few thoughts of my own, in order that the world at large may judge for itself.

In supporting their arguments, the scientists who assert that the wing collar is a degenerate form state that the average man wearing one of these articles is usually of a decidedly belligerent character. They state that these men are the descendants of the mail-clad knights, who were ever ready to exchange blows, and that the stiff neck-piece is the final form of the ancient gorget. In that case, its pur-

pose would be to protect the “Adams apple” from the fiery darts of the inclement weather, since we no longer fear the cross-bow quarrel. Combatting this it is said that the observed belligerence is caused by the burnings, gougings, scrapings, scratching, and diggings of this ancient abomination—this stiff neck-piece.

Of the same school, but claiming a different source, are those who believe that the pillory is the ancestor of the wing and all other stiff collars. Personally, I lean to this belief, but as stated above will not absolutely commit myself. In support of their theory this group show the torture caused by this “implement of Hades” and quote this when combatting the ancient armour theory. It seems that such an article as a stiff collar must have had its birth in some form of torture. However, I would not call it a de-

generate form. If anything, it has advanced to the n'th degree. The big drawback to this theory is that women have escaped the stiff collar, except in a few widely separated regions and at occasional times, such as during lectures. Can it be that men have been such wicked law-breakers as compared with women? Someone has suggested that the women have their wash tubs, which are descended from a member of the same family as the pillory, namely, the ducking-stool. Who can tell? It is possible, if not probable.

* * *

A totally different view is held by those scientists who believe that the wing-collar is an evolved form, advancing men to higher planes. You will usually find the members of this group to be stiff-necked individuals. They assert that the wing collar is an embellishment and adds to man's grace and beauty. When supporting their views they draw our attention to the erect carriage and dignified air of the man wearing such an ornament. Much can be said in this case. It is even possible (but not probable) to mistake a Freshman for a Senior when the former is arrayed in a wing collar and a proper bow tie. The suppleness and skill which man acquires in attempting to ascertain whether his shoes are shined, or what is happening behind him, are also quoted as advantages of this style. They forget that he must become as supple as an eel and as skilful as an acrobat before a man can properly feed himself whilst wearing

a wing collar. Soup is especially trying in this respect.

In religious circles the wing collar is observed from an entirely different angle. Here it is looked upon with suspicion. It is whispered that men are a designing and deceitful race and, fearful of never being able to claim a pair of white wings at a future date, are forestalling that condition as best they may. Without a doubt if this view comes to be generally taken the wing collar will leave its present doubtful condition. Either it will go down to oblivion or suddenly rise to a prominence it has never before enjoyed.

* * *

I have a theory all my own. Of course I would never advance it against those of the more learned teachers and investigators, but will merely state it so that you may scoff at my presumption of even thinking of it. In ancient days did not all slaves wear iron collars? Slaves—iron collars—collars—stiff collars—slaves. Is not the cycle complete? I maintain that we are all slaves to stiff collars, of which the wing collar is only one form. Here again the question of the ladies crops up. Have they obtained emancipation centuries before us? The inventor of the soft collar has been a veritable Lincoln on our behalf, but his work is not fully completed. Perhaps the ex-weaker sex will at some time aid us in the solution of our problem by a narration of their battle for freedom and their victory.





Agricultural Engineering-- Past, Present and Future

By L. G. HEIMPEL

Head of Agr. Eng. Dept., Macdonald College

"In the year 1820 ten hours of an American farmer's time produced three bushels of wheat; in 1920, a century later, ten hours of a farmer's time produced sixty bushels of wheat," says the statistical branch of the Federal Department of Agriculture of the United States. 'What is responsible for this twenty-fold increase in our efficiency as farmers?' We ask. The answer, always the same, is, "the application of the arts and sciences of mechanics and engineering to agriculture" — Agricultural Engineering.

It is unnecessary to turn to the pages of history to learn what the application of inventive genius and the laws of mechanics have done for us in this western world. There are living examples of this history at this very moment. Where man has been left to 'eke out an existence' from the land with the aid of only his tools of defence and of war the result is always the same. Toil, toil, toil—with but small returns in the very best of years, must always be his lot. Let the year be one of drought or of flood and immediately famine is abroad in the land. There is no surplus, and death comes to millions.

Time after time have the old lands of the Eastern Hemisphere been visited by this ghastly spectre, even within the memory of our younger readers. Where the mechanical genius of the inventor has not been developed, agricultural methods have not changed in two thousand years. In America, through the work of the agricultural engineer, whether recognized as such or not, we might truthfully say the business of farming had its birth.

It is true that America a hundred years ago offered conditions for just such development as many of us have witnessed, in a way which was not paralleled in history, namely, that soon after its discovery the new inhabitants from the Old World found themselves with boundless tracts of rich lands which could be had for the asking. Yet we find that before the invention of the first grain-cutting machine "famine stalked in the cities, starving men fell in the streets of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia," that "flour mills had to close down for want of wheat," and frequent bread riots are recorded on the pages of history. It will

readily be seen then that here again "necessity was the mother of invention."

The resourcefulness of the early settlers is not exemplified more clearly, perhaps, than in the invention of the grain cradle. Previous to its invention the sickle was the only grain-harvesting device. But though the cradle increased a man's efficiency in the harvest field from three to five fold, it was not sufficient to still the cry for still greater means to harvest the millions of acres of rich land that lay to the westward. In 1831, the first grain-cutting machine was invented, but the path of Mr. Cyrus McCormick, its inventor, was anything but a smooth one. It took thirty-five years of almost profitless labour to convince the farming public of the value of machinery. In 1865 the 'great divide' was crossed, and since then, one invention has followed so closely on the heel of the other that to try to tabulate them would require volumes. It is interesting to note, however, that all this phenomenal development followed the invention of the harvester. Harvesting is and always has been 'the neck of the bottle' in Agriculture. What was the use of growing more than could be taken off during the few days given us by Nature for this operation? There are plenty of cases on record, where in this rich new land, in years when weather was especially favourable, thousands of acres of crops were lost for want of men to cut them. Once this difficulty was overcome there seemed to be almost no limit to the amount of land one man could farm. Land was, and is today, as a general thing, the cheapest factor in agriculture, while efficient labour was and continues to be the most expensive factor. Should it then be surprising to find, that given the where-withal, the American farmer would go to the limit in exploiting and robbing, if you like, that source of all agricultural wealth, the soil? True, the pendulum has swung

very far in this direction, perhaps too far in some cases, yet land robbing is already giving way to scientific and business farming even in the greatest of our prairie tracts. Nature insists on moderation in the use of her gifts and the grain farmer now finds that more than a mere tickling of the soil is necessary to produce a crop.

The Present

The pessimist may deplore the fact that inventive genius has made possible this wholesale loot, but we may be assured that what damage may have been done will be rectified to a large extent by the same agent—agricultural engineering. Our western soils need humus to stop them from blowing away. This humus will for some time to come consist of straw and green crops, and their application to the soil and incorporation with it depend upon mechanical devices which can cover large acreages in short spaces of time. A soil needs lime, but before it can economically be applied, machinery to grind, transport, and apply it must be developed. Untold damage has been done to our rich virgin soils in the humid parts of our country by cultivating lands which were too wet, but the drainage engineer is on the job and will become master of the situation before it is too late.

Agriculture is today in a state of transition. Close students of agricultural development are agreed that we are just passing from the pioneer stage into the business stage. In the former the land cost little, and the primary object in tilling the soil was to secure food and the few necessities of a plain life. Today land values are much higher and profits can no longer be taken from the increase in land values, but must be realized from the profits of farming operations. At present the farmer's prices are governed by world markets; he has no voice in making the price for what he has to sell. Therefore to increase his profits, the on-

ly course left open to him is to reduce, wherever possible, the cost of production. To do this, invention and mechanical improvement of the tools of farming have done more than any other single factor.

At first the agricultural engineer was known only to the manufacturers of farm machinery who employed him to study the requirements of the farmer so that satisfactory and attractive machinery could be made for his use. As the complexity of this equipment increased our agricultural educational institutions felt the need of instruction in mechanics and we had an instructor in this work. Since then, especially in the colleges of the republic to the south of us, the agricultural engineer has filled a place of ever-increasing importance until today this department of instruction is being recognized universally as of major importance to agriculture. The recognition of this fact has, however, not been a speedy one, and in this country, the recognition enjoyed by the Agricultural Engineer has been slow in its development. Most of our Agricultural Colleges have now a separate department for this work, yet at the O. A. C., the mother of our Agricultural Colleges, engineering subjects are still being taught under the heading of "Agricultural physics" and "Farm Mechanics."

About 1908 the American Society of Agricultural Engineers was organized and at the present time practically all men engaged in this work in the continent of North America are members. Through the concentrated efforts of this Society much investigational work of great value is being carried on every year and the "Transactions of the A. S. A. E." always contains the latest and best information on agricultural engineering subjects.

The Future

No sooner was it realized that engineering was worthy of a place in agricultural development than the problems ahead of us arranged themselves under the following great fields of work:—

(1) The Reclamation of agricultural lands through drainage, irrigation, and land clearing.

(2) The College field, including the work of instruction, research and extension.

(3) The Farm Buildings and construction section, and

(4) That of farm operating equipment.

In any of the above divisions the most ambitious engineer will find a field for a life-work. There are millions of acres of land under the plough today which can never produce their best till the level of the water table is lowered by drainage, and in many districts where drainage is most needed the value of tiling is not only unappreciated, but the practise itself is almost unknown. During the last decade, the ever-growing scarcity of lumber has brought to the farmer problems in building construction entirely new to him. Less than fifty years ago forests were a thing to be destroyed to make room for agricultural land, and timber was the cheapest building material procurable. The results of these conditions are barns of small capacity framed with timbers twice as heavy as necessary. Little attention has been paid, in the past, to the essentials of convenience, sanitation, appearance and economy by the builders of farm structures. It is the work of the engineer to see that in the future farm buildings will not merely be built, but that they will be designed with due consideration for the above essentials. While the designers and makers of American farm machinery de-

serve high tribute for their work up to the present, the work of standardizing the vast horde of various makes of machinery can only be accomplished through the engineer.

Along with the transition of agriculture from a pioneer industry to a business is coming slowly, but none the less surely, a demand for better living conditions on our farms. To give the farmer the best and most economical in light, heat and sanitation is the work of the agricultural engineer. Such are the problems of the future.

The Agricultural engineer cannot go to the Old World for information as can the students of chemistry and other older

sciences. He was born with American Agriculture and the very difference between old world agriculture and our own is the difference brought about by the engineer. Our problems therefore depend upon ourselves for their solution.

While there is much talk *pro* and *con* as to whether the farmer suffers most from an overproduction of foodstuffs at home or an underconsumption abroad, the agricultural engineer, no matter in what branch of the great work he may be engaged, can continue calmly on his way firm in the belief that some day his foresight will be recognized as an essential to this fair country's national development.

Meeting the Farmers' Fertilizer Needs Half-Way

By O. C. Hicks, B. S. A., Superintendent of Soils and Crops Division

Department of Agriculture—Province of New Brunswick

Just as the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick was the first governing body of any of the Canadian Provinces to institute a soil survey, undertaken in 1849 by Professor Johnston, F. R. G. S. to disclose the agricultural capabilities of the country, so it was the first Provincial Legislature to introduce, three generations later, legislation for the conservation of the crop-producing power of the soil.

An Act, significant in the annals of State measures for the development and utilization of natural resources, was passed in 1920 by the New Brunswick Legislature, authorizing the Minister of Agriculture to purchase a lime-stone deposit,

a manufacturing plant and machinery, and to make agreement for manufacturing agricultural lime. This Act was the culmination of a demand which had arisen among the farmers of the Province for crushed limestone to be used as a fertilizer to renew the virgin productivity of their farms, and to accomplish this result unhampered by the extortionate demands of the fertilizer monopolists.

The extent to which the practice of liming with pulverized limestone has developed and the wonderful results of its generous application surpass the expectations of the sponsors and supporters of the scheme. The low price at which the product is offered under contract with

the operators, and the reduced freight-rate conceded by the Railway Commission of Canada, places an economical method of soil enrichment within the reach of every farmer whose waggon haul from railway station to farm does not exceed five miles.

Appreciation of the facility for securing lime is shown by the patronage extended to the Government plant situated at Brookville on the Canadian National Railway system, near St. John City, during the two years since the plant began operations. The total output to date of thirteen thousand tons was used to fertilize several thousand acres planted to wheat, oats, turnips and potatoes. During the rush preceding the commencement of spring seeding operations, a maximum monthly output of 1700 tons was attained. Shipment is made mostly in bulk, carlots, at the contract price of three dollars a ton, though bagged lots, at \$4.50 per ton, form an appreciable proportion of the output except during the rush period.

To say that every acre to which limestone is applied will produce as well as though a high grade commercial fertilizer were used, and that the difference in cost of these two materials is a clear saving, would be to draw the "long-bow" on fact. Yet, so remarkable are the results credited to the use of pulverized limestone, that many farmers who invested the price of one ton of high grade commercial fertilizer in a carload of lime have changed their former practice of "fertilizing" to "liming."

Testimonies in appreciation of liming generally state, in terms of increased bushels or tons, a comparison of its use on treated fields with untreated fields. These, however, are sufficiently novel to illustrate facts which augur well for a more widespread use of raw pulverized lime-

rock. An experienced farmer writes as follows:—

"I have used several carloads of pulverized lime-stone and I would not farm without it when it can be obtained. I have no experience in potato culture but for wheat, oats, barley and especially on hay and clover, it cannot be beaten." Another, who had used mussel mud and commercial fertilizers but who now depends upon lime, writes—"I had used the lime in small quantities for two or three years with good results. Last spring I bought a carload and, although the freight cost almost as much as the lime, I consider I am well repaid for the money invested, for it is the most profitable fertilizer I ever bought." Still another writes,—"I wish to say that the results have been more than I had any idea of. Last year, notwithstanding the very dry season, the grain crop was very good and admired by all who saw it. This year I got a wonderful crop of hay early in the season. The last of August there was a second fine crop of clover. At the present time (October 1, 1922) I am cutting a third crop of clover hay this season. It was nothing else but the lime which made such a thing possible."

Not only have the fertilizer needs of those farmers having a low railway transportation rate and a short waggon haul been met by cheap lime, but those also whose farms are near the estuaries of rivers or coastal waters where there are extensive and easily worked beds of shellmarl. To encourage liming with marl a bonus to defray in part the cost of a dredge or other digging appliance is available by Statute. Many thousands of tons of shell marl are annually procured along the shores of the coastal counties and much of the agricultural wealth of these sections can be traced to this beneficent legislation whereby the riches of the sea

are returned to the land in the form of a crop fertilizer.

It is true that cheap lime meets in a figurative way the farmers' fertilizer needs. In a more literal manner these needs have been met by legislation which has aimed to provide him with a means to secure cheaper chemical fertilizers through co-operative purchasing by farmer organizations. Corporate powers were conferred upon a central organization of the Agricultural Societies in 1914, to purchase fertilizing ingredients, and to arrange for the importation, warehousing and distribution of the same to any Agricultural Society. Since that time an average of over one thousand tons of fertilizer chemicals have been distributed to farmers annually by the New Brunswick Agricultural Societies United, at a saving of twenty-five per cent. on the price of the factory-mixed brands.

Concern for the production of the food supply of present and future generations is evinced by those in authority in all civilized countries. Many and varied are the safeguards by which governments have sought to attain to a condition where abundant food supplies, the product of a flourishing home agriculture, could be perpetually assured. To this end various countries have jealously guarded those mineral deposits and other sources of material useful in agriculture as fertilizers. Germany and Chile levy royalties on the

export of potash and nitrate salts respectively. So marked was the concern of the United States' authorities for the preservation of the fertility of the soil that at a conference of the States' Governors at Washington in 1908, it was suggested that a law should be passed prohibiting the export of phosphates to foreign countries.

All States and Dominions exercise a parental control over the fertilizer trade in the interests of the consumer, and generous appropriations are made for scientific research directed to discover new sources of fertilizing materials and to conduct cultural experiments to determine the utility and effects of fertilizers.

Effective as are the tendencies of such measures towards keeping a reserve of plant food and in promulgating information for its wise and economical use the positive action by which the farmer profits because of cheap fertilizer is obscure. But the wisdom and discernment of the policy of providing manufactured limestone to be used as a fertilizer to meet the requirements of the farmers of a province at the lowest possible price is unique among the methods of government aid to maintain soil fertility.

The fertilizer question has received much intelligent study in this Province and the farmers' problem of keeping soil permanently productive can justly be said to have been met half-way by government legislation.





Comparative Yield of Crops

By G. S. MATTHEWS, '24

It is the purpose of this article to give a brief summary of the comparative value of some of the more commonly grown grain crops. Many farmers do not realize or do not stop to consider the actual feeding value they are getting from their crop, but rather the yield in bushels. Too often even this is not the case, but instead they grow their customary crops, or one which is commonly grown in the neighborhood, whether or not it has any particular qualities to justify its cultivation.

Of course there are other factors which determine to some extent what grains he can grow and those that he cannot grow. Among those are such considerations as adaptability to climatic conditions and to soil factors, which no doubt have a very important bearing on the growing of certain crops. But there are not such wide

differences in the type of soil and climate required that any one crop should be grown to the exclusion of another, just because it is suited to that locality. If another type of crop equals or exceeds it in net returns it should certainly be given a place in the rotation, whether conditions are best for it or not.

In order to give the reader some reliable data from which he can readily draw his own conclusions the following table has been inserted. The figures given are based on actual yields resulting from experiments carried out by the Agromony Dept. of Macdonald College. These experiments have been carefully conducted over a sufficient number of years and therefore furnish reliable information.

TABLE OF COMPARATIVE YIELDS

<i>Cereal</i>	<i>No. yrs.</i>	<i>Comp. yield per acre</i>	<i>Comp. yield Kernel per acre</i>
Guy Mayle Barley	11	2965	2965
Fall Rye	10	2832	2832
Mensury Barley	13	3163	2689
Duckbill 207 Barley	11	3107	2641
Duckbill (G) Barley	11	2769	2354
Pringle's Champion Wheat	10	2241	2241
French Chevalier Barley	9	2634	2239
Wild Goose Fall Wheat	9	2130	2130
Common Emmer	9	2539	1988
Alaska Oats	12	2475	1911
Prussian Blue Peas	9	1857	1857
Banner Oats	13	2590	1833
Spring Rye	9	1742	1742
White Spelt	10	2222	1525
Kharkov Fall Wheat	8	2641	2641

Note. The percentages of hull taken were as follows:—Barley 15 per cent., except Hull-less; Banner 29.7 per cent. White Spelt 31.35 per cent., Alaska 22.78 per cent., Common Emmer 21.69 per cent.

It will be observed Guy Mayle barley has given the highest yield when reckoned as to the comparative weight of kernel per acre. This is a hullless variety of barley with a short, soft, weak straw which makes it rather difficult to handle at harvest time. Although it is one of the highest yielders it has not been recommended for ordinary conditions. However, under good conditions it is a profitable crop to grow. Barley is often looked down upon as a farm crop on account of its awns, and for that reason it has been grown in far too limited quantities. It is among the highest yielders that we have and makes an excellent feed when mixed with other grains. If more consideration were given it it would probably be more widely grown than it is at present.

Fall Rye, which stands next as a yield-

er is a crop that is becoming more prominent annually, and rightly so. Not only is it coming into prominence in the West but it now has its place in the Eastern rotation. This is a cereal which has proven its merits, for during the number of years that it has been grown here it has never once winter-killed. The value of such a crop is not to be overlooked. On the other hand Spring rye has given decidedly opposite results. With the exception of White Spelt it is the lowest yielding of the cereal crops grown here.

From the figures given in this table, we find oats with a much lower comparative yield than some would expect to find. But when we stop to consider that 25 to 30 per cent of their actual weight is hull it is not surprising to find them as far down as we do. Although they are not among the highest yielders, yet they are by far the most widely grown in Eastern Canada. The large extent to which they are grown is no doubt due to their excellent feeding value for horses and the ease with which they can be grown. There is no doubt but that at the present too

much preference is given them for the value returned.

Wheat is essentially a crop grown for milling purposes, and is for that reason grown more extensively in the West than in the East. In fact very little wheat is grown in the East. But when taken on a comparative basis wheat gives a higher yield than oats, and is also higher in feeding value. Of course it cannot take the place of oats, but it can be used very profitably in mixtures. There should be more acreage given over to wheat growing than we now find. Unlike fall rye, fall wheat has not proven itself to be entirely resistant to winter killing, Kharkov (0), the variety included in this list, although a very high yielder, has winter killed four years out of the twelve that it was in test. However some of the strains of winter wheat are more hardy than others and some are practically resistant to winter killing.

It is now clear to the reader that his conclusions cannot be based totally on the actual yields of the crops. Furthermore he should not judge the feeding value by the comparative yield of kernel alone, but rather by the relative amount available to the animal. Table II gives the net energy in 100 lbs. of some of our chief cereal crops, and also in-

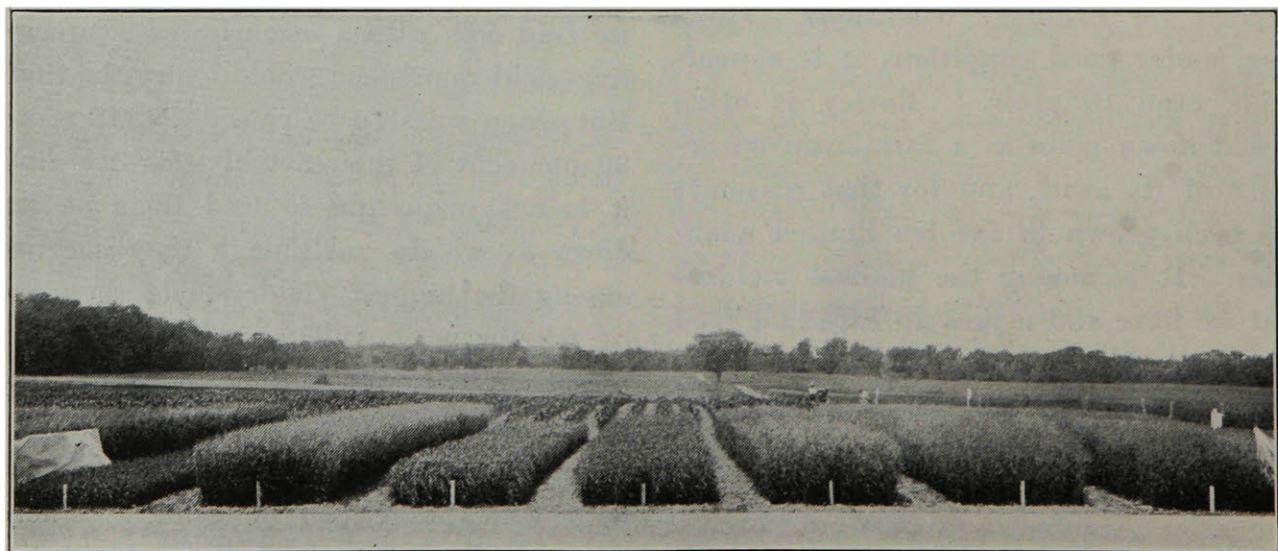
cludes figures which give the net energy per acre of the highest yielders of their respective types.

II. NET ENERGY

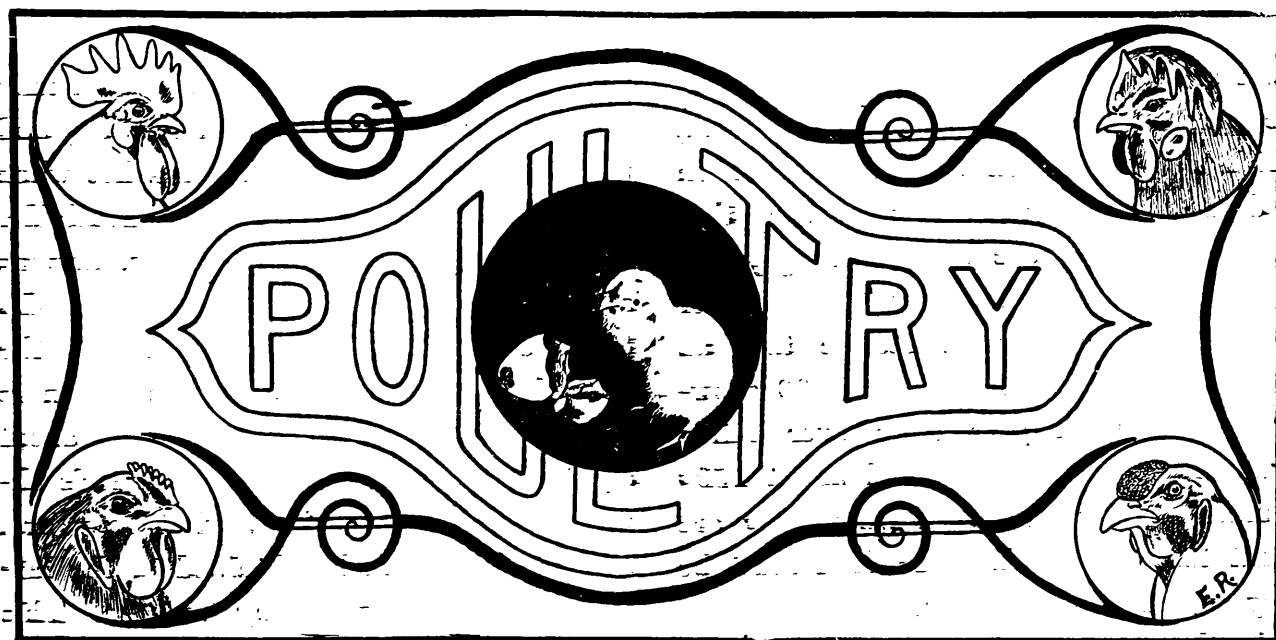
	100 lbs. Net Energy in Therms.	Net Energy per acre Therms.
Barley	89.94	2666.7
Rye	93.11	2653.8
Wheat	91.82	2057.6
Field Peas	78.72	1461.4
Oats	67.56	1247.0
Corn	89.16	

The first column shows the net energy in 100 lbs. of feeding stuff. The net energy is that portion which is finally available to the animal after deducting the losses occurring through mastication, digestion and assimilation. The low energy value of oats is due to the large amount of fibre contained in the hull. The table includes only concentrates; the dry roughages furnish much less energy. Wheat straw for example has a value of only 7.22 therms per 100 lbs.

The comparative yield and feeding value of cereal crops cannot therefore be estimated by the actual yield in bushels or pounds of kernel per acre. It is a problem which can be worked out only by experimenting as to yield and following this with a mechanical analysis.



Experimental Plots at Macdonald College



That Chicken Dinner

By EDWARD K. WILLIAMS, '23.

"Chicken à la King!" It sounds good, doesn't it? It is good too, for you can have your chicken roasted, fried, broiled, in pie, stewed, just as you please. Most people like their food undisguised, give me roast chicken! It may surprise the reader to know that in the largest city on this continent poultry products have attained first place on the menu of its eight million inhabitants. To put it more plainly, each person in New York eats, on the average, thirty-three pounds of poultry meat and twenty-nine pounds eggs (about nineteen dozen) per year; this means that it takes over 260,000,000 pounds of poultry meat, live and dressed, to satisfy that city's appetite for every three hundred and sixty-five days. A few years ago beef held the front seat, but now only fifty-six pounds are consumed by each New-Yorker in a year. Taking the United States as a whole the little red hen succeeds in turning over more than a billion dollars' worth of business in a year. Think of it!

It is essential to eat if we are to live, and in these days people are paying more

attention to the quality and delicacy of their food than ever before. Psychology is a co-worker with appetite. When people travel, visit, or want a treat, what do they order? Chicken! Ego dictates it! It feels good to tell the waiter, "Roast chicken for two."

Let us start from the beginning then and see just how this delicate, nutritious, and appetizing commodity reaches your table, from the time the egg is laid until you are eating the meat.

First of all, a hen lays an egg. In this country ninety out of every hundred are produced by small, insignificant, barnyard flocks. If it happens to be between the months of March and June that egg will either be set under a hen or in an incubator, there to be kept warm and cared for during twenty-one days. Need I say with what delight the warm little ball of fluff, be it yellow or black, is admired and with what care it is fed and tended?

For one or two days it gets nothing to eat; it would be fatal if it did, since Nature has provided it with food for that period. The hen is an excellent mother

and her brood grows and thrives with but little attention by man. The man who looks after several hundred chicks without the assistance of Biddy has a problem, which requires much skill and attention to detail, however. He must see that the little babies are always hungry yet well fed, and give them plenty of water to drink. Few people realize that an attendant looking after about 2000 growing chicks must give them over thirty pails of water each day and about 1500 pounds of feed per week when they are about ten weeks old. The food must be very carefully gauged too.

As the birds (mostly Leghorns) approach the age of from eight to twelve weeks the cockerels are sold either live or dressed so that there may be room for the pullets. We will leave the pullets behind now and consider only the birds we intend to market. The chickens just mentioned will weigh about one and one-half pounds and if they are put on the market early, in May and June, they will be sold at a high price—for it is a long time since the public have been able to obtain young fresh broilers.

On farms where the utility breeds are kept, the surplus stock is held for a month or two longer and fed especially for the "roaster" business. By giving the birds as much of the right kind of feed as possible for two weeks, their improvement is so marked that they are often twice as valuable as if they were taken right off the range and sold there and then. These birds are sold during August, September, and October, Quality counts! "Milk-fed" chicken is far superior to just "chicken." It is scarce and of high quality and those who know it and can afford it realize what good poultry meat tastes like.

Capon is another class of poultry that continues to increase in popularity. The question is often asked, "What is capon?"

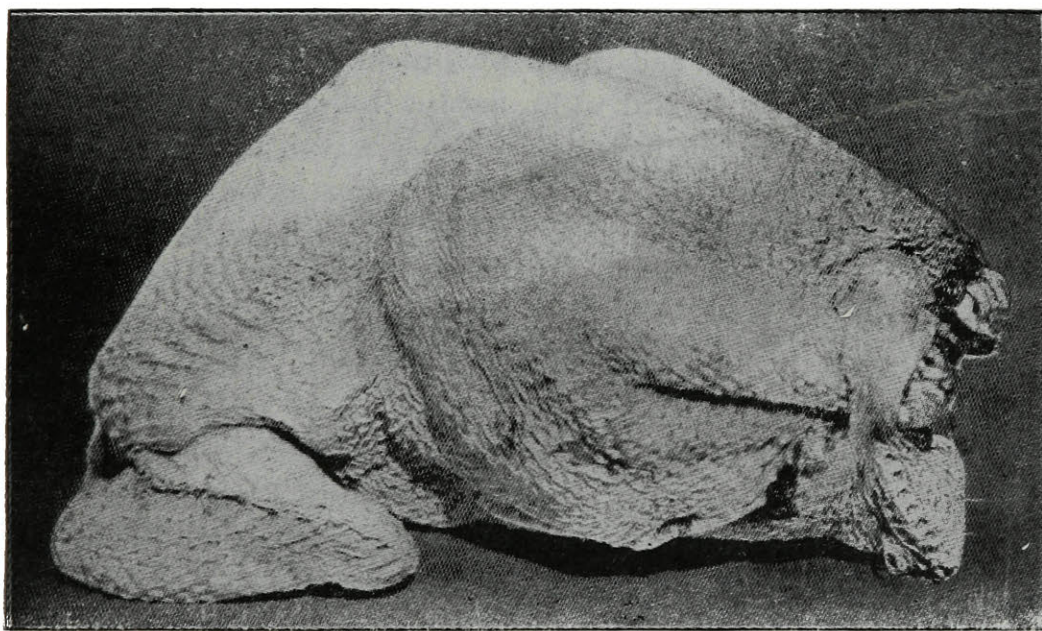
In answer to this it is sufficient to say that capon is a bird that has been treated in such a way that it becomes quiet, may be kept for a long time economically, and may therefore be put on the market when no other fresh poultry meat is available. Their meat is of excellent quality. Capons are often used by keepers of small flocks to raise their chicks, thereby freeing the hens for egg production. The capon is a large bird and generally weighs about eight pounds. It is to the consumer's advantage to know capons, what they are, and that they can be obtained in the late winter and early spring months. This class of fowl is expensive but is almost always considered worth the price. They make excellent roasters.

Older hens constitute the class known as "fowl." These birds are in great demand by some classes of consumers provided that they are in good condition and carry a large amount of flesh. They sell at a lower price than other classes of stock and are good for pot-roasting, pie, and fricassee. They may be purchased to the best advantage in the fall of the year.

Whatever class of fowl the poultryman intends to market, whether it be broilers, roasters, or capons, it always pays him to feed them especially for high fleshing and good quality, as these always go hand in hand. With all classes of birds the method used is to confine them to a certain extent so that they may not take too much exercise and will put on a large amount of tender flesh. They are given as much feed—cornmeal and other fattening foods, with milk, which is very efficient—as they will take for about two weeks. The art of milk feeding, when understood by the poultryman, means the difference between success and failure in the production of high quality poultry meat. When the feeding period is finished the birds are starved for about twenty-four hours, killed and dressed.

Special fattening houses are ever increasing in number. These are stocked with birds selected and collected from the countryside, fed, dressed, graded, and packed, and are very satisfactory to the consumer. It would be to the advantage of the poultry raiser however, to fatten his own birds and so obtain the profit that is rightfully that of the man who produces the goods in question. Few farmers realize the benefit to be derived from handling their stock in such a way that it will be demanded instead of ignored, or only purchased because there is nothing better to be obtained.

ple are strongly prejudiced against cold storage chicken. In some respects they have reason to be, in others they have not. Present day methods are good and storage is necessary if we are to have chicken all the year 'round. The writer ventures to say that if the reader were shown a good bird that had been in storage for six months he would not be able to tell it from a good fresh one. Official tests were carried on in the United States not long ago and it was found that about twenty people eating and comparing fresh, three months stored, six months stored, nine months stored, and twelve



ALL TRUSSED FOR THE OVEN

The killing and plucking of birds is an art. It would be a revelation to most of my readers, I think, to see an expert kill and completely pluck a bird in less than two minutes. It is to be hoped that the day will soon come when the consumer will not buy birds that are killed 'any old way,' thrown into a barrel, and shipped. The man who does it would soon cease if he realized how much more he could obtain by the use of proper methods and exercising proper care in handling these products.

I am very much afraid that many peo-

months stored chicken did not really begin to detect the difference until the nine months' birds were served, and even the twelve month birds were not bad. I must admit that all storage birds are not thus.

Cold storage affects prices too. Prices are brought down to a more consistent level by storage than by any other method at present practicable. The industry has been well developed and legislation regulates it so that the costs are comparatively low and the goods reliable.

Having said so much about things in general it is only fair to those who like

chicken to give them an idea of how to buy it. The first essential is to see that the bird in question has been properly starved before killing; this is shown by the crop's emptiness and may be seen by looking at the base of the neck and noting that it is slightly hollow, with no signs of a pouch full of food. The bird's head should be wrapped, and its feet clean. Its breast should be straight and plump and it should possess no signs of greenness (decay) in the abdomen. A Frenchman judges the birds he buys according to their back fleshing because he knows that if there is any indication of flesh there, the breast is bound to be plump. Clear colour of flesh—in this country yellow flesh is preferred—plumpness, and undrawn birds are best. A drawn bird will not keep well, a chicken will not have as nice a flavour when cooked if it is drawn immediately after it is killed, and the law requires that no drawn birds be put into cold storage.

As a producer of food the domestic fowl ranks second to the hog, as far as efficiency in converting the feed given into meat is concerned. Eggs are second only to milk as an ideal food. Poultry meat is extremely palatable, easily prepared and more readily digested than pork. Comparing poultry meat with beef or mutton, we find that it can be produced with greater economy. It is true that the ox and sheep can

live on feeds that are far cheaper and which cannot be utilized by poultry, but the fact remains that although the chicken's diet is necessarily expensive, highly concentrated, and must be of high quality to produce good results, there is so much meat on the bird, it is so good, and is produced in such a comparatively short time that it more than makes up for the difference in the cost of production.

In buying chicken then, it is always a good thing to know what you are getting, but it is also necessary to know what to ask for. It will benefit all concerned when the person who goes to the salesman will know that April, May, June, and July are the months when broilers may be purchased to the best advantage, and the months following these are the ones in which one can obtain roasting chickens, ranging from three to possibly six pounds each. Don't forget to demand quality, it will be worth your while to pay a little more for it. The fall of the year is the time when the best and most inexpensive fowls may be obtained. Capons come upon the market in late winter and early spring before the boilers appear. Storage houses function throughout the year by allowing the bulk of the late summer and fall-killed stuff to be properly distributed to the consumer as to time.

Now you are ready for that chicken dinner!



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EDITORIAL

Custom seems to have decreed that every new Magazine board in its initial editorial treat of its inexperience and need of help from the student body in particular. If only for the sake of variety we will depart from the usual procedure, and, bearing in mind that 'much talk doth not always much good do' will merely remind the students that nothing is more essential for the success of a student publication than enthusiastic co-operation among the students themselves.

The publication of six dailies by the School for Teachers leads us to the belief that we have this year talent which

has been unsurpassed in the history of the college. There is scarcely one amongst us who has not at some time in his life felt an overwhelming desire to write. It is an indication that we all possess within us a literary urge—some message trying to find expression; and it is an impulse which the Board desires to encourage. Write, write, write—publication is not essential to success.

* * *

The criterion of a scholar's utility is the number and value of the truths he has circulated, and the minds he has awakened. No course begins to be of value to

the student until it has so aroused his intellectual curiosity that he wants to pursue it for its own sake, regardless of marks in his final examination. (Unfortunately we have unconsciously set up the standard of knowledge rather than that of wisdom, because the former is more easily tested.) It is essential to associate with the idea of what can be done to the student's mind the idea of what the student can do with it.

"Eighty-five per cent of the success of an engineer is based on character and personality and fifteen per cent on technical knowledge" stated C. E. Drayer, Secretary of the American Association of Engineering, speaking before the Ames chapter of that organization recently. What is true of the engineer is also true of any other technical man, and especially so of the agriculturist. In this number Dr. Dickson tells of the means the Faculty is adopting in an endeavour to evaluate the student and the graduate. We commend this article to all ardent educationists and express our appreciation of the Faculty's effort to arrive, without breaking the fundamental rule of every democracy — equal opportunity for all, at a worth of the graduate which mere examinations can never give.

* * *

The attention of students is drawn to the unpunctuality which is becoming prevalent not only at meetings, but also at lectures. No matter how much you despise your professor, he may know as much as you do, and if he can be punctual at his lecture, you can be also. **Doors are not closed at Mac. at five minutes after the hour,** and students would appreciate this privilege more if they only remembered that the Professor is courteous enough to wait for even longer than ten minutes when the other party is late. Make assurance doubly sure and be there five minutes before time. You will enjoy your lecture better.

Foremost among the college activities this term have been the extension courses in Poultry, Horticulture, and Apiculture, whereby the farmer—a busy man—gets all the information pertaining to his practical work at a most convenient time. Quebec, however, does not seem to have as yet awakened to the benefits to be derived from these short courses. Attendance has increased within the past few years, but it is still far from what it should be.

* * *

The first extension course in Journalism at Macdonald was delivered this term to seventy deeply interested students by Mr. G. F. Wright, Editor of the Montreal Daily Star. The five lectures dealt in a general way with writing for a newspaper, the actual making of a paper, and also stressed the necessity for facts written in good English. Designed primarily for the third and fourth year students in Agriculture and Household Science, to supplement the regular course in Journalism by Mr. Hodgins, they were thrown open to all interested and have proved exceedingly popular, and several of the Faculty have availed themselves of the opportunity to again listen to lectures.

* * *

The Winter Course '22-'23, has come, and like its predecessors, has gone. No more conclusive proof of their worth can be given than to say that already their absence is being felt, on both sides of the campus. We wish them all success.

* * *

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: *Queen's University Journal*, the *Mitre*, *King's College Record*, *Managra*, the *O. A. C. Review*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, the *Whisp*, the *Sheaf*, *Agricultural Gazette*, *St. Andrew's College Review*.



Seeking Solace--At The Dentist

by LOUIS R. MASSICOTTE

Oh, my goodness, what a tooth-ache!

I phoned the dentist and told him about it. He said he was sorry so was I. He lived a stone's throw from my house yet I had not the courage to walk there, so I called a taxi and arrived at his house in a minute exactly. The chauffeur helped me out, as I felt very weak. I thanked him feebly, and the pain being simply excruciating, I hurried to the door. Holding my courage in one hand, I rang the bell with the other.

I heard heavy footsteps coming in my direction, and a chill ran through my spine. The sight of a policeman down the street re-assured me. The door opened a sweet little girl stood before me. My face told her the pathetic story and she led me into what seemed a dark, gloomy room. I took a seat and she gave me a magazine to set my mind on other channels. It spoke about 'the joys of life,' at that time so full of interest for me. I felt very childish indeed. Suddenly somebody shrieked. *Something was in the operating chair in the adjoining room.* Fear got ahold of me, but I managed to slip away from it. I remained seated.

At last my turn came. In a moment I

was strapped to a hardwood chair. I tried to say a prayer but could not remember any would you? He asked me where the pain was. I gave him a tearful glance and muttered the terrible secret. He looked inside my mouth with a microscope, and I felt like a microbe. Then he told me to close my eyes, but I did not feel sleepy. Somewhere in the beyond, however, I could hear a gramophone playing "*There's no place like home!*" How comforting in these moments of adversity!

He spoke soothingly to me, as if to soothe the pain; then he took a funny instrument, somewhat resembling a mechanic's pliers, and introduced it into the infernal region. I was motionless. He pulled once; he pulled twice; he pulled the wrong one. Then he pulled out his watch and looked at me in a speculative way. I supposed I was to pay him by the hour. I groaned whilst he swore ceremoniously, and after using half a dozen tools, he managed to get the right one out. I told him to keep it for his pains and mine. He gave me a grateful look, and my hat with it.

I left a rejuvenated man.



Women With The British Armies In France, 1917-1920

The Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps was evolved in March 1917 under almost impossibly difficult and chaotic conditions; the little Army grew to be almost 50,000 strong before it was disbanded in 1920. Six thousand of these worked behind the lines in France and it was a unit of this army of women working in the Zone of the Armies the writer had the honour of commanding.

The corps was formed to help out the Men's Army: to free able-bodied soldiers doing work that could be done by women, for the firing line. The Corps and everything connected with it came absolutely under the British War office; from the moment a woman enrolled as a member of the Corps she became a member of His Majesty's Forces and was subject to Army Rules and Regulations—to routine orders and firm discipline. It was the first time that women had ever as a military unit been employed with armies in the field. The members of the Corps were drawn from every class—titled ladies to factory hands, and served as clerks, mo-

tor drivers, storewomen, signallers, cooks, and waitresses; a number in charge of a trained woman gardener tended the graves of the soldiers in the Base Cemeteries. The result of the work of the gardeners can be seen at the present time in the St. Sever Cemetery, Rouen, for instance. A small highly-trained section composed of officers did Intelligence work and were known as "Hush Waacs". They were very important and exclusive; we seldom saw them, but when they did appear they could be spotted by the polished buttons on their tunics—we poor ordinarys were accused of being "improperly dressed" if our bat-girl in her zeal to have us well turned out tampered with the covering on H. and C. general service buttons!

It is not generally known that members of the corps were employed for clerical work with the American Army at Bourges; these however, came under the Home Service officials for administration, not under the chief Controller for France.

The ranks of the corps were as follows:—

Chief Controller
Deputy Chief Controller
Deputy Controllers
Unit Administrators
Deputy Unit Administrators
Assistant Administrators
Forewoman
Workers

At Home there were recruiting Controllers, Quarter Mistresses, etc, but in France no other grades but the above mentioned existed.

The system of feeding the women might be interesting to some. The rations were drawn daily from the nearest ordinance depôt, and the daily allowance per person was as follows:—

Meat—dried or fresh	8 ozs.
Bacon	2 ozs.
Potatoes	8 ozs.
Fresh Vegetable	8 ozs.
Bread	11 ozs.
Margarine	1 ozs.
Jam	3 ozs.
Sugar	2 ozs.
Milk (dried or Canned)	2 ozs.
Cheese	1 ozs.
Rice, or Oatmeal	2 ozs.
Tea	1-2 ozs.
Coffee or Cocoa	1 ozs.

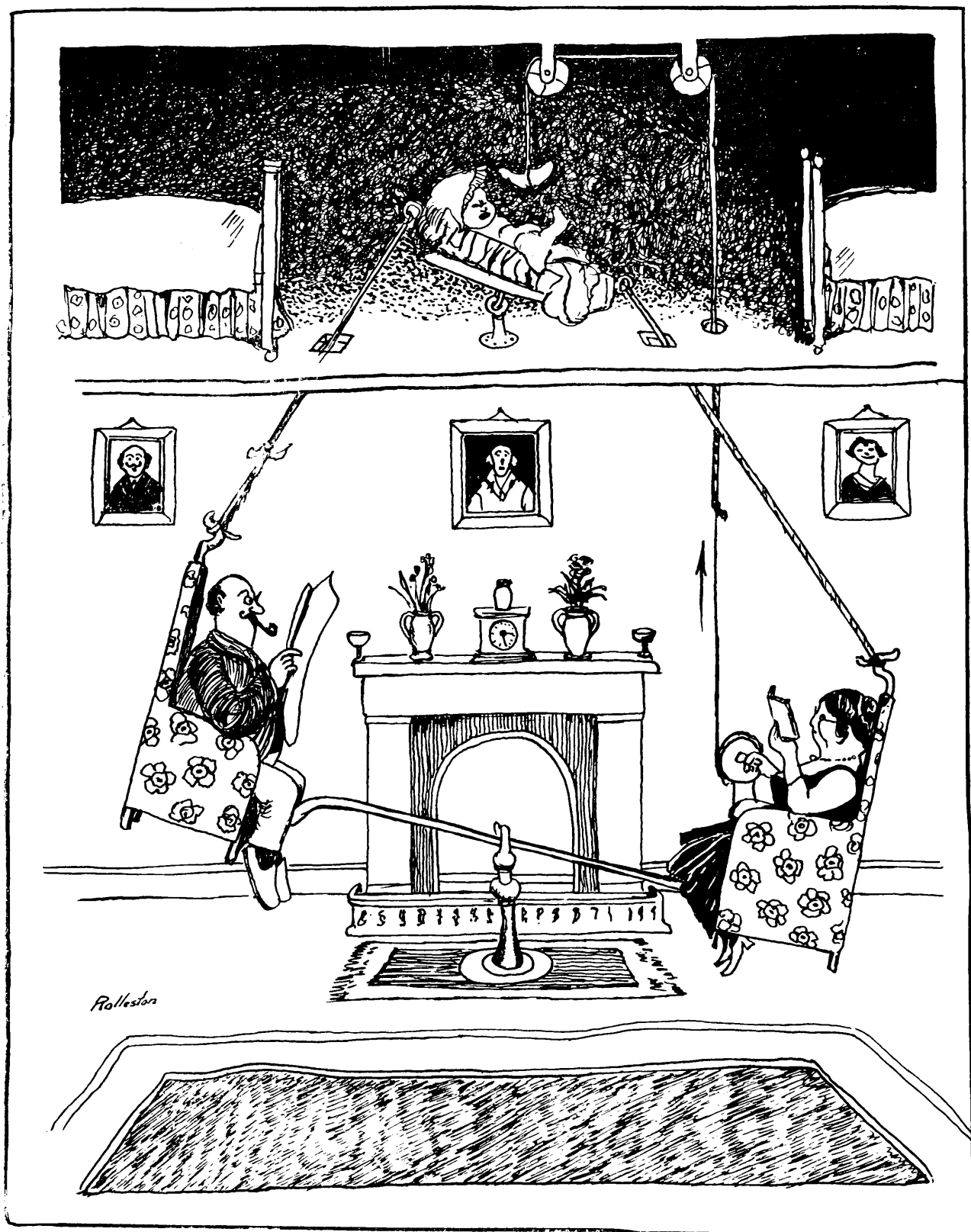
It was not always possible to get this. Sometimes they would be no fresh meat. Bread would have to come a long distance and be mouldy on arrival. Then we would get along on Army Biscuit No. 5—a good old stand-by, but guaranteed to break the strongest false-teeth unless eaten with great care! Flour was only issued in lieu of bread; pork and beans were frequently the fresh vegetables. At one period the tea got shipwrecked and musty tea issued—it lasted for weeks. This was a *real* hardship for tea-loving Englishwomen. Any jam outside plum and apple always seemed to collide with the

coal-oil!!! In spite of these little accidents, always taken as part of the life, the women nearly always got enough to eat and the health of the Corps was excellent. The majority of breakdowns was due to overwork—lack of sleep, and in some cases shell shock. The members of the Corps were drafted to the Areas as required; they lived in billets and camps in charge of a Unit Administrator who had attached to her assistant officers as the size of the Unit required. A well organized Q. M. A. A. camp was an interesting place with its orderly Room, Administrator's quarters, Sick Bay, (equipped through the kindness of the Red Cross) a Mess Hut and Cookhouse, not forgetting the funny Nissen Sleeping huts, the most draughty type of hut ever invented! The bathing facilities were at times very limited and the time is remembered in one camp when three white hospital baths came into possession by mistake, and how on evacuating the camp we managed to pile these in the lorries with us, to the intense rage of a Capt. Quartermaster and a few others who were all going to try and grab one on the quiet when we had left!!! From these headquarters the women went to the cookhouse or offices of the Brigade, regiment, Army Schools or depots to which they were attached for duty. In the cookhouses the women were controlled by their forewoman, who in turn came under the Technical administrator. It has generally been admitted that the work of the Women cooks in the feeding of the troops was beyond praise. In the spring of 1918 they had an exceptionally trying time: their cookhouses, which normally fed 800 men a day, were called upon to feed 3,000-4,000 owing to large numbers of reinforcements being rushed up the line, and above this Fritz was particularly busy at night with air raids. One of our Camps at this time was completely demolished by

enemy air-craft and there were a number of women who did not answer the Roll Call the next morning at this camp—they had been “transferred on promotion.” Incidentally it may be mentioned that any member of the Corps losing her life on

active service was accorded exactly the same military honours as a man.

It was a great life and an experience which none of us who were privileged to take part in it would have missed.—Constance Sutton.



We believe in all sincerity that contrivances of this sort would tend to alleviate the sufferings of harrassed couples and therefore in the interests of science and peace suggest that some project of this sort be taken up at College



TABLEAUX

The first of a series of tableaux given at Mac. was put on early in the college year under the management of Miss Bellis, and was considered by all a success.

On March 8th the Teachers gave another entertainment, directed by Miss D. Westbrook, tending more toward popular subjects than did the first one, which dealt with material from the more famous artists.

Our little Fairly in the person of Miss D. Vallance was indeed fairly-like, and received much applause. Little girls would certainly be delighted to have a doll like Doris, though it is doubtful whether they can purchase dolls that can dance as well.

'Old Dutch' was well advertised by the

Misses M. Helleur and J. Kingsland. We would be very glad to have them do our work.

If you need "pep" or "zip" we would refer you to the Misses R. Coleman and C. Campbell. They say Campbell's soup is just what you want.

Barnes' School of Art showed good choice in selecting Mr. C. Brownlee to represent them. His sketches were just wonderful.

Miss R. Marshall looked most charming as the "Pepsodent Girl."

Miss M. Gillies looked very nice in Onyx Hosiery — and unless looks are deceiving she uses Palmolive, too!

"Absence cannot hearts divide" if you use Pompeian. Miss D. Hopkins does, and that explains—why she looked so lovely.

Miss M. Monkley certainly made us desire to use Woodbury's, if that's the way to obtain a lovely complexion.

Miss J. Stevens says "Add-another-Pearl", and she has good authority for saying so.

Use Cocoanut Oil if you would have hair like Miss Rowe's.

Oh, yes, and "Aunt Jemina was in town" with her bowl of pancakes. We regret that Miss Frank did not treat us.

* * *

Much credit is due the Misses E. Cameron and P. Leet who so efficiently acted as pages. Even the king himself would be proud to be attended thus.

"Oh, we forgot!" Our wise old Arabs provided us with mirth and amusement by their limericks. The wise ones were the Misses R. Low, M. Fiddes, J. Clarke and L. Newman.

'God Save the King' ended a programme enjoyed by all and unanimously decided far too short. —D. E. W.

THE TORONTO-CHICAGO TRIP.

The annual trip of the Animal Husbandry Option of the Fourth Year was this year varied somewhat from that of former years to include a stay of over a week in Toronto. A brief outline of the trip which terminated in Chicago is here given.

The party of seven students left Ste. Anne's accompanied by Mr. A. R. Ness, on Friday, November 17th, Toronto bound. This trip was uneventful, except that one of the party went to sleep with his knee on the porter's bell, giving "Geawge" some concern, and causing no little astonishment to the guilty party himself.

Making the first connections, we journeyed to Guelph on Saturday, arriving at O. A. C. about 2.00 p. m., after considerable delay en route. Here we had a very satisfactory work-out on beef cattle, and returned to Toronto the same evening.

On Monday the Dominion Transport Company furnished some Clydesdales which we discussed in the forenoon. In the afternoon we found rest in recreation, in preparation for the contest the following day.

We bestirred ourselves early on Tuesday in order to arrive betimes at the Coliseum, the scene of the Intercollegiate Students Judging Competition of the Royal Winter Fair. The team nominated was as follows:—Messrs. Armitage, Grisdale, Holden, McOuat, and Smith. As there were only three teams entered in this competition it was concluded comparatively early in the afternoon. Results showed Macdonald second with O. A. C. in the lead. T. E. McOuat, high man in swine judging, was awarded a bronze medal.

At this juncture the boys were considering a few days to be spent at the Royal as the full extent of the trip, when the news arrived with Prof. Barton that Mr.

Walter Stewart, of the Macdonald Tobacco Co. had very generously provided the necessary funds for a trip to the International at Chicago. A post entry for the team in the judging competition having been accepted, we struck camp on Saturday, Nov. 25th., and, accompanied by Prof. Barton, advanced to Lafayette, Ind., en route for Chicago. We arrived here Sunday evening without further mishap, the boys having become accustomed to the porter's bell by this time. That same evening we "saw the town," while some of the party sampled the Yankee cigars, the general conclusion being that, as they were cheaper, it required a greater number to lend the same appearance of prosperity to the smoker.

On Monday, bright and early, we started for Purdue University. For a day and a half we judged American hogs, beef cattle, and Percheron horses, and during that time had the opportunity of seeing some very fine stock particularly in the beef breeds. It was at Purdue also that we had the pleasure of meeting the O. A. C. team, which travelled with us thence to Chicago.

Tuesday afternoon saw us safely aboard the Monan "express," booked for Roachdale, Ind. On arrival we took cars to the farm of Mr. Harry Stamp, a well known breeder of Belgian horses. At Mr. Stamp's we judged some very interesting classes.

From Roachdale our travels took us by rail, by road, and by radial to Champaign, Ill. Before saying good-bye to Roachdale however I must mention my recollections of a wonderful supper we had there, remarkable for the quantities of sauerkraut disposed of by our epicure, or rather, champion eater.

On Wednesday we had a real work out at the University of Illinois, with sheep, beef cattle, Percheron horses, and particularly American hogs. Next day was

the American Thanksgiving, a national holiday. "In Rome do as the Romans do," saith a scribe, and so we celebrated first at Champaign and later at Chicago, where the turkey wasn't quite so juicy nor as toothsome.

Arriving in Chicago Thursday evening, we planned to spend Friday forenoon at the stock yards. Accordingly we set out with the keen interest of the tourist, and after a couple of hours at the yards had absorbed a great deal of their immensity and their atmosphere, particularly the latter.

The International Live Stock Students Judging competition was held on Saturday, Dec. 2nd. Five o'clock that morning saw the team up and preparing for the fray. The first ring of stock appeared about nine o'clock and from that time until eight o'clock at night all attention was devoted to placing some twelve rings of stock and giving reasons for so doing. The results appeared on Sunday, giving Iowa the first place and their third win, and thereby the trophy.

Monday and Tuesday were spent at the ringside of the International for the most part. It was here that we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sharp, who represented Mr. Walter Stewart, our benefactor. Part of our time during these two days was devoted to visiting the Hall of Fame of the Stockyard Inn and also to visiting the packing plants of the Swift Co., and the Libby, McNeil and Libby Co. These plants are a never-ending source of interest and wonder to the Chicago visitor, from both magnitude and efficiency.

The last act in the drama was a twenty-five hour through-trip to Ste. Anne's. We drifted in to old Macdonald without pomp or ceremony and have since led quiet scholarly lives, as becometh those who fain would answer with honour the inquisitorial questions of their professors.

J. Hume Grisdale, '23.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL SLIDING PARTY

On Friday evening, March 2nd one could have seen a sleigh full of happy hearts start from the Women's Residence and wind its way up to Morgan's Hill. It was the Students' Council off on a party.

Sliding lasted for an hour and a half and then a fire was built and marshmallows and songs indulged in. Nobody, however, seemed to be fed up and so it was suggested to go down to Wright's. This idea was immediately acted upon, and the party repaired to the 'Bay House' and there enjoyed an excellent supper. Dancing was the next, but only a short item on the programme and midnight found the Students' Council back where it had started. A hearty "Faint Ye" and an enjoyable evening was over.—M.

BIOLOGY CLUB

At a meeting of the Biology Club last year the following officers were elected for the present session,

President,—Mr. T. C. Vanterpool.

Vice-Pres.—Mr. A. D. Baker.

Sec-Treas.—Mr. A. R. Graham

The first meeting of the club was held on Feb. 2nd when Mr. C. E. Petch, of Hemmingford, Que., Entomologist in charge for Quebec, addressed the members of the combined Biology and Horticulture Clubs on the control and history of the ravages of the *Orthoptera*. In the latter half of his talk, Mr. Petch pointed out the great accuracy with which observations were made by the wise men of Palestine in Biblical times and how closely they tallied with those of the present day. Even an entomologist would appear to have much to learn from the Bible.

When the subject of his address was announced by Mr. Petch a rather pained

look was seen to pass over the faces of those present and a dry scientific hour was looked forward to. The scientific end was realized and well upheld and in less capable hands the dry end might have been also. The saving grace of seeing the humorous side of things, coupled with wide economic experience and sound practical knowledge made Mr. Petch's address something that appealed and was of value to all. The thanks of the club as expressed by Mr. Vanterpool at the conclusion of the talk voiced the sentiments of all present. Speakers like Mr. Petch are of great value to us as students, bringing in as they do ideas and results obtained through practical scientific investigations, which might otherwise remain untapped. Such speakers will and do always receive the heartiest of welcomes at Macdonald College.—A. D. B.

LIVE STOCK CLUB NOTES

The Live Stock Club was very fortunate on Jan. 29th in securing Mr. W. E. Ashton, Fieldman for the Canadian Cattle Club to address them.

Mr. Ashton has been in field work for the past three years, and has experienced much of the practical side of the situation. It was these features that Mr. Ashton presented in a most interesting manner. Field work today consists in being able to keep the breeders alive to the demands of the industry and in showing them the equipment necessary to achieve profitable results. To illustrate this Mr. Ashton cited the results of the new Accredited herd system of testing for T. B. R. O. P. work, and the worth of proven sires. To put before our livestock men

the importance of facts of this type involves a great deal of field work. The other big problem is to bring the buyer and producer into contact.

Illustrations of many outstanding Jerseys of today were passed around and a lively discussion took place. The address was very much appreciated.—E. W. H.

On the evening of March 5th the Live Stock Club had the pleasure of listening to another interesting address, given by Mr. Eric McGreer, '22, on the "Grading of Bacon Hogs." Mr. McGreer is a representative of the Canadian Government on the Montreal live stock market and is connected with the new grading laws relating to bacon hogs.

He introduced his subject by a brief history of the conditions leading up to the present laws. He showed how the Government, the producer and the packer had co-operated to make these laws effective.

The speaker gave a description of the method used in grading the hogs, and the difficulties which one experienced. Lack of proper equipment was at the present moment the greatest drawback but he intimated that these difficulties would soon be removed.

Mr. McGreer concluded his remarks by showing us the progress and benefits already achieved in the bacon industry by the adoption of the grading laws. In brief these are:

1. The valuable statistics obtained at the different stock yards.
2. Direct benefits to the farmer producing the desired types.
3. Increase of registered swine in the different breed associations.
4. Increase of exports of Canadian hogs to British markets.—J. H. B.



OUR SECOND HOBO PARTY

Gee, it's great to go to a dance dressed as you please! By this I mean to go in comfort. Of course, everyone who danced in the Girls' Gym. on Saturday evening, Feb. 17, didn't go that way—some wore black goo all over their faces, others had on long flowing robes that seemed difficult to control, and others, well, they put on what was most convenient and went, notwithstanding.

Our friends, the new Elementary Class, were the guests of the evening and acted the part of "mamma's little girl," very nicely. They appeared quite natural in their little bonnets, carrying cute dollies. In fact, some thought that Macdonald had become a nursery for the time being.

We were quite surprised to find out that our halls enclosed three pairs of twins, namely, the Gold Dust Twins, two

escaped convicts from Bordeaux and two awfully cute cake-eaters. It was natural too, since the month was February, that many of Dan Cupid's proteges should be turned loose amongst us.

The variety was beyond description, the music was good, but the time all too short. There being a little bit of good in every bad little girl (and boy,) and *vice versa*, we behaved ourselves as we knew was good, and having danced, coffeed, and danced again, we dispersed in good time.

Miss Winifred Gilles was awarded a prize of a large Box of chocolates for the best costume among the Hoboesses, and Ralph Cooper the first place among the Hobos. He received a smaller box of Laura Secords, as the silver corkscrew ordered for the men's prize could not be finished in time.—E. K. B. W. '23.



RE-UNION DINNER OF CLASS '24

On February 22, 1934, Class '24 had their first reunion banquet in Room 113, Main Building, and every seat was occupied. All were present, both Agriculture and Household Science. They had come from various parts of the globe and from various occupations to review the past and predict the future, under the witty guidance of the toast master, Dr. McGarigle, B. S. A., R. S. V. P.

Dr. McGarigle welcomed his old classmates round him again and spoke of his pride in their accomplishments. He himself was now Full Chemist to the Edinburgh Peat Works, in addition to his research and lecture work at the University. He had great pleasure in announcing he had shown the fallacy of the hydrogen-ion theory, which gave him so much trouble in his third and fourth years, and had revolutionized the whole idea of chemistry lectures; for he had also shown it is now quite legitimate for the student to know what a chemistry lecture was about. He had further abolished that last remnant of barbarism—the unexpected 'test.'

Dr. Mitchell Q. E. D., was then called upon to propose the toast to our Alma Mater, and he spoke of the great debt we owed her and of our ambitions for this fairest of colleges. Dr. Mitchell has helped to strip chemistry of its mystery and now even polarized light is clear. His research work as Consulting Chemist and Bacteriologist to the Mitchell Sugar Plantations, of the W. I., goes to show that the individual's brain power is in direct ratio to the amount of sugar consumed. We should all eat more sucrose.

Dr. Watt, B. H. S., M. S. P. E., replied to this toast. She has won remarkable success both in teaching and research work. I have said enough when I say that even sophomores do not argue with her.

Professor Haslam, S. W. A. K., in pro-

posing a toast to 'Our Guests' spoke reminiscently of his college days. He told how he found in an old diary an entry—"Elsie Watt's sliding party — *some time!*" Prof. Haslam has helped to produce a wheat of such remarkable quality that it is a positive boom to homemakers. All you have to do is to add water—hey presto!, bread. He is also responsible for a corn that will thrive even in the climate of the maritime provinces.

Dr. Walsh, R. V. C., replied to the toast. He has done marvels with her ladyship the hen, inducing her to produce a sufficiency of eggs on an eight hour day basis, leaving her with plenty of time for recreation. There is also to his credit an incubator so well regulated that the only care it needs is when the bell rings for the chickens to be removed.

Miss Russell of the N. B. Legislature Assembly proposed the toast to "Ourselves" and spoke of the many things Class '24 had acquired and of the great many more they had gone forth to seek. *This toast was drunk.*

Sir Gordon Matthews, C. O. D., replied on behalf of "Ourselves". Sir Gordon conducted extensive research work at Lachute but was knighted particularly for the way in which he had led the Quebec farmer to new adventures in agriculture.

Dr. Sangster, who now proposed the toast to "Agriculture," in spite of her long hair and added degrees, is still her own bright self. She has won the gratitude of millions by telling them how they may eat raw onions and not become pariahs. She spoke of the change from her undergraduate days when each girl had theoretically $1\frac{1}{4}$ of a man to dance and skate with her to the present, when each girl had $1\frac{1}{4}$ men to her share.

Dean Smith, P. D. Q., in his reply thanked Dr. Sangster and assured her that her kind words would send Agric. '24 forth with fresh strength to conquer new

worlds. He spoke of the time when he had to take four girls to an entertainment and was reprimanded for his efforts to keep them all amused. Dean Smith's untiring industry has placed him well up in phytopathological ranks.

The Hon. Mr. Stewart, Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, named, and wrote biographies of several new insects and then destroyed millions of them by his insectides. In proposing the toast to 'Household Science' he said he did not know much about it, but was interested. He was still unmarried.

Deaconess Clark thanked the Hon. Mr. Stewart for his kind remarks and told how H. S. had done much to make the world safe for domesticity. At Kingston, where she is situated there has not been a funeral or a divorce for the last ten days, and the girls in residence at her college make their own rules. Women could now make their clothes, and even their husband's. They still know, of course, how much of his income to allot him, but the prosperous appearance of the H. S. section was due, not to their excessive wealth, but to the fact that they knew what to eat, and when and where to eat it.

* * *

The dinner was over and the speeches ended. Class '24 again became harried Juniors and set forth to meet various professors, irate and impatient of waiting.

There were no 'eats' and those toasts were drunk in good old plain H2O. The place-cards were singularly appropriate, the table was simply but tastefully decorated, and we had the imagination. — M. Russell. '24.

THE BOYS' DANCE

"And it came to pass, that the young men of Mac. gathered together and one of their number saith, "Let a dance be made," and straightway every man getteth

to work and biddeth his beloved to come. And when she heareth the good tidings, she shouteth for joy and maketh a pretence, saying, "Behold, I have naught of a new gown wherewith to clothe myself," and he answereth, "Thou shalt be in good style in the old." And on the night of the dance he shaveth his face, claddeth himself in his best raiment, and waiteth for her in the hall; for she cometh not alone, but along with her companions, as is the custom. And when the company was assembled, certain men of Jazz who were hired at great price played softly and cunningly; and each man taketh a damsel unto him and they dance together gracefully. And when the night was far spent each man leadeth his maiden to supper, for behold, the exercise hath created a great longing. After they had dined they returned to the floor and dance gaily once again. At last the hired men of Jazz tire, and cease their noise. Then each man biddeth a sad farewell to his damsel and retireth to his chamber where he talketh it all over with the other members of the tribe; and they rejoice together over the evening's events."

* * *

Such might have been an account, written of old, of the Boys' Dance held in their gym. on February 2nd. Five hundred and ten happy hearts beneath a canopy of light and beauty started in a crowded but joyous mass. But time passes; they wander up to the gallery where the sight stirs the soul, and they fill the soft seats of the sitting-out places, where the wave-length of the light is comparatively low.

Who did not know of Christmas trees, canoes, and sleigh bells, yet how many knew how tantalizingly nice they could be?

The girls will not easily forget the Boys' '23 dance.—M. C.

RÉORGANISATION DU "CERCLE FRANÇAIS" 1922-23

Notre professeur de français, Mademoiselle Brownrigg, mérite les plus chaleureuses félicitations pour avoir réorganisé cette société. Grâce au concours bienveillant de quelques élèves enthousiastes, le "Cercle" a ouvert ses portes à ceux qu'intéresse l'étude du français.

Tout citoyen de la province de Québec devrait saisir cette occasion d'apprendre une langue si "précise, délicate, exquise," au témoignage de Sir Henry Newbolt. Pour notre part, nous resterons fidèles à la devise du "Cercle", "Ici on parle français."

Mademoiselle Brownrigg est présidente honoraire, et Mr. Perron, Agr. '23 depuis longtemps membre actif du "Cercle," a bien voulu accepter la charge de président. Les autres membres du bureau de direction sont: vice-président, Mademoiselle Lapointe, T'23; secrétaire-Trésorière, Mademoiselle Théoret, T'23; conseillers, les demoiselles Friedman, T'23, et Lyman, Sc. '23 et M. Ogden, T'23.

La première réunion eut lieu le 6 décembre. On chanta, entre autres, "L'Alouette" et "La Madelon." M. Bertholle conduisit le chant. M. Amaron accompagnait au piano. Après une délicieuse causerie de M. Bertholle sur la France, la réunion se termina par les chants de "O Canada" et "Dieu sauve le Roi."

Le 22 février, soixante-cinq membres se réunirent pour entendre une très intéressante causerie du Prof. Robert. Monsieur le professeur avait choisi comme sujet "Shakespeare et Molière." Au cours de sa conférence, il lut quelques passages du "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" et des "Femmes Savantes." Nous eûmes un chant de Mademoiselle Ruth Coleman. La réunion fut un franc succès.

Le "Cercle Français" compte donner son concert annuel dans la salle académi-

que au cours du mois d'avril. Bienvenue à tous!—Lucille Lapointe.

La Partie de raquettes du Cercle Français

Le dix mars le Cercle français fit la première marche en raquettes.

Il faisait beau et la neige était parfaite pour ce sport. Il n'y eut pas seulement la marche, mais aussi des courses, des jeux et des chants canadiens-français.

Après une heure de marche les raquetteurs s'en allèrent chez Madame Wright où le temps se passa vite. Là nous rencontrâmes d'autres membres du cercle et tout le monde jouit d'un goûter excellent. Il y eut aussi quelques discours, et un membre nous dit qu'après avoir lu, réfléchi et discuté, il était arrivé à cette conclusion—la femme avait un défaut... elle aimait les hommes.

La danse attira l'attention des jeunes gens après le souper, et après avoir dansé un peu, tout le monde s'en alla au collège.

—R. Cooper.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Initiation! Initiation!! Initiation!!!

It was about the middle of the night, and I was in dreamland when the terrible event broke out amidst a bedlam of voices, shrieks, profanity and what not. Hades had let it's wrath run loose. I thought the world had ceased to turn, all except my head. Suddenly I was snatched from my bed by vigorous, ape-like hands, and carried away, blindfolded, to some unknown region, whence came loud cries of horror mingled with groans. I thought the Inquisition had come back, with all it's frightfulness.

After getting a few kicks in the lower lumbar region to stimulate my spirit (not altogether holy) the ruffians led me into a spacious room... Oh, what a sight!

There sat on a block of ice, with hot water bottles on their heads, my dear classmates!! Yes, all tarred and feathered, with faces blackened with charcoal. At this sad picture my heart burst and tears went streaming down the vale. We were surrounded by ugly savage-looking devils who raised such an uproar that our pleas for mercy were drowned in a flood of wild imprecations and clamorous war-whoops. These monsters, brandishing all sorts of weapons, desired us to dance. Although none of us knew how to do a one-step, we certainly did step lively in this instance.

Then came two combatants, all gloved up for a pugilistic encounter. I might say that it turned out to be a sort of a kangaroo fight. Tex Rickard has nothing to boast of so far as boxing is concerned. As both were charcoaled, black-eyes failed to make their appearance as they knocked each other about the premises. When their fighting instincts were extinct, something else was in store for us. We had to get down all fours and hop around till we got dizzy, all the while being beaten to nothingness. Finally, we were all lined up, like boobs, in front of a butcher's table, behind which stood a ghastly, grinning white ghost. He ordered one of his devils to give us something to chew. I'd rather chew the rag, believe me, Ye Unbelievers! Everyone of us was forced to chew an old plug of *Solanum*, mixed with a compound of turpentine and castor-oil. As we had all pledged ourselves previously never to touch the obnoxious weed, we objected to this treatment, but to no avail. All we could do was to spit the stuff; everytime I think of it, I have to spit again.

* * *

"Silence!" thundered the mighty voice of the so-called Judge. The wild, yelling mob encircling us instantly obeyed the command. There we stood meek and foolish, pessimistically awaiting further ord-

ers. "Freshmen! You are Keep this in mind, even in your prayers," he roared. After this happy reminder, a few "don'ts," were read to us, namely:

'Don't wear a Charlie, unless one-sided.'

'Don't talk in your sleep, it is cheap.'

'Don't fuss with the fussy sex.'

At last we were told to beat it; can you beat it? And that was the end of perfect day.—Louis Massicotte.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

In the junior years of its career through Macdonald, Class '23 has always exhibited fine class and college spirit. This year has been no exception to the rule. With the co-operation of all the members of the year a sleigh drive was organized on Wed. March 7th. Unfortunately, due to a heavy snowfall, the roads were impassable and the sleigh drive had to be abandoned at the last minute. Undaunted however and determined to do something to fill the breach, arrangements were made to dance in the girls' gym. Here the young ladies were entertained with dancing and games. Due to the kind offices of Miss Green an excellent supper was served in the dining room. The party, a pronounced success, broke up, following a few remarks on the part of the president, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."—J. H. G.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DEBATE

January 31, 1923, is an important date in the annals of Class '23, for on that evening the representatives of the Fourth Year covered themselves and their class with glory by eliminating the Junior Year from the struggle for possession of the coveted Robertson Shield.

Miss Coleman, first vice-president of the Literary and Debating Society, presi-

ded and after having attended to the formal preliminaries, explained the purpose of the meeting and concluded her remarks by inviting the debating teams to the platform.

Messrs. McGarigle and Matthews, of '24 upheld the Affirmative and proved conclusively, at least to their ardent supporters, 'That the French are unjustified in their occupation of the Ruhr.'

In presenting their arguments the Affirmative showed that it would mean the economic and political ruin of Germany, in that it would cripple her industries and destroy her foreign trade, and would also cause panic and strengthen a desire for vengeance throughout 'Der Vaterland.' The supporters of the resolution also pointed out that it would mean the economic and political downfall of France, for no reparations could be secured, without which French taxes must be increased and France's plan of re-construction and restoration abandoned; and that it would be an offence against humanity and the peace of the world.

The Negative, Messrs. Perron and McKibbin, in their turn proved irrefutably and emphatically to their admirers and to the judges as well, that France was justified in the action she had taken.

The Seniors based their arguments on three main points,—to wit, the legal, the moral and the practical justification of France in her occupation of the Ruhr Basin. In the elucidation of their points the Negative showed that the League of Nations is France's legal authority, the vast unrepaired damaged lands of Allied countries is her moral justification; the excellent French standing army to effect her wishes and the richness of the occupied lands her practical justification.

Mr. McGarigle then gave a scholarly five-minute rebuttal and the judges, Dr. Dickson, Prof. Barton and Mr. Hodgins, withdrew to make their decision. While

waiting for their report the gathering was entertained with several vocal solos by Miss Esther Burns, one of the best student singers the Assembly Hall has ever had the privilege of resounding to. She was accompanied by Miss S. Raphael. Miss M. Sears gave a recitation.

Mr. Hodgins, the chairman of the judges, in presenting their decision, complimented the debaters upon the excellence of their oratory and apt humour and announced that the Negative were the winners.

The fact that many of the fussers at the rear of the Assembly Hall were compelled to listen attentively at times to the speaker proved beyond cavil that the debate was a very superior one.—S. W. H.

INITIATION

Canto I

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!

"Get up and dress! Put warm clothing on! Don't comb your hair! Put your dresses on inside out and back to the front! Bring an old towel to tie over your eyes! Hurry! You have only five minutes to get ready!"

These commands were all shouted in one breath, and in less time than it takes to tell the excited "Elements" had assembled in the corridor in single file. Bandages were tied over our eyes and two loving Models conducted each of us to the girls' residence, where our coats were removed.

It seemed as if we were always either going up or down stairs till at last the command was given, "Shake hands with your grandmother." This gave us an idea of what to expect.

They evidently understood that we didn't have time to wash ourselves, as water was squirted in our faces; and then there was a dish with a 'butter' sponge in

it to wash our hands. Best of all they gave us a treat of syrup and mustard and were kind enough to let us feed one other. This was done with dexterity, as we couldn't see where to put the spoon. It also added a touch of the beautiful to our faces and dresses. We were given a newspaper and told to fight as hard as we could with it. Who knows but we were battering our best friends? The paper was soon flying in all directions, and judging from the appearance of the floor when the bandages were removed it must have been fun for our persecutors.

We were then sent to the guillotine where we folded our hands in prayer in preparation for the time when our heads would be severed from our bodies. Our heads were laid on the block and a comb was drawn across the back of our necks. Whoever had read of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots had now a vivid realization of the thoughts which might have passed through that dear lady's head. We lived through that and were made to crawl under a number of chairs, being helped along by the administration of a few strokes from a newspaper (not torn).

We rose to our feet once more and our faces were painted in the most droll fashion with cold cream and black. Snakes were passed around, and the 'Elements' then had the pleasure of cleaning up the gymnasium floor while the Models watched that it was done properly. When the cleaning up was finished we joined hands and sang "The Models' National Anthem," and "How Green I Am." We

were now marched all through the girls' residence, and by this time breakfast being ready, we proceeded to the dining-room just as we were. We enjoyed our breakfast.

On returning to our rooms we found them upside down.

Canto II, — Saturday Night

We again appeared in the gym. but this time dressed as little girls—short dresses, stockings rolled down, bonnets on our heads, a handkerchief pinned on the front of our dresses, and a rag doll in our arms.

In the presence of the crowd of spectators who were at the Hobo Party we had to form a circle around the gym, sit on the floor and sing "Hush-A-Bye Baby." The Models' Ten Commandments were read for our benefit and restricted us from certain privileges for a week. We also had to carry our dolls wherever we went for the same length of time. The Models' National Anthem was given its second rendition. The biggest ordeal was now for a bashful girl to ask a strange young man to dance. However it was soon over and the male sex didn't make moans when their toes were tramped on etc., etc.

Coffee and cake were served and we could either remain for the dance or go back to our rooms. Those who remained had the fun of having their pictures taken. They will be a lifelong treasure. Initiation certainly is one of the most interesting events of College Life.—M. E. R.

"The Elements."



:-: Our Wider Interest :-:

EDITOR—R. LeBLANC, B. A.

Dear Boys and Girls of Quebec,

On March 12th the moving picture taken at Macdonald College in the fall was shown us for the first time. A silver square of light on to the screen and

"All Hail Macdonald! we sing to thee,
Fairest of Colleges, give her three times three,

Rah! Rah! Rah!"

sang the students. Indeed the term 'fairest of Colleges' was just when we saw passing before our eyes the noble array of stately buildings and the broad expanse of velvety campus with its graceful trees and waving shrubs. Strolling groups of students excited gleeful expressions from members of the audience as they recognized themselves.

In an instant we were transported to a small farm in Quebec where Beauty was telling Youth the same old story—"Your mother and mine are farmers' wives" said Nina—played by Miss Dorothea Hopkins—"if I marry you what is to be my lot?"

Faced by this problem, George, portrayed by Mr. W. H. Perron—enters Macdonald to take a course in agriculture for the betterment of his farm and further advancement in his chosen vocation.

The camera follows George through his first term. From studying turnips, caterpillars and weeds in the fully equipped laboratories to land-surveying and the study of farm machinery out-doors, and athletics, a fine picture of college life is given.

Enchanted by George's letter in praise of the college Nina leaves the farm to

take a Domestic Science course to better fit herself for managing his household. The jolly life of the Women's Residence was shown. With its dancing around the piano, sing-songs before the fire, delightful ten-o'clock feeds, and enjoyable lecture classes, the film furnishes a picture true to college life.

The story then closes with Nina and George happily married on an up-to-date prosperous farm. Dear Boys and Girls, when the film comes to your town, go and see it. It will show you more forcibly than any other way the wonderful advantage of a course at Macdonald. We want to have you here some day.

Macdonald.

A NATION'S HOPE

Who are the men and the women of the tomorrow!

Seek ye the boys and girls of today!

Follow the plow and the harrow;

Look where they rake the hay.

Seek 'mid the tasseled corn;

Walk with cows from the pasture.

Try where you hear the thrasher

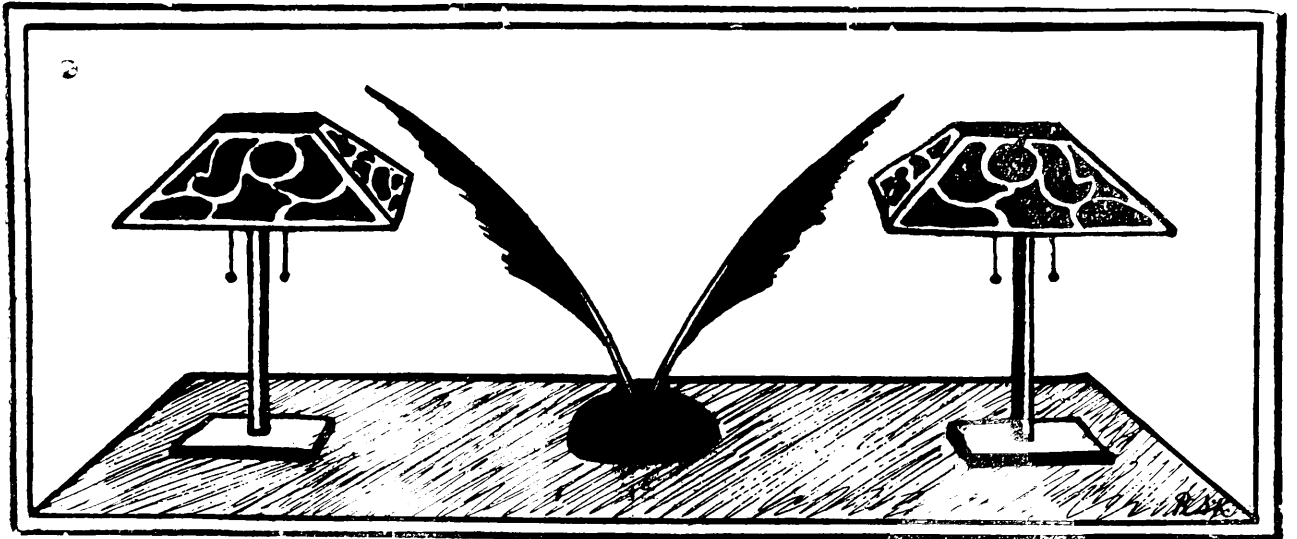
Humming in the early morn.

Who are the men of the morrow?

Look at your sturdy arm!

A nation's hope for the future

Lives with the boy and the girl on the farm.—Exch.



Under The Desk Lamp

THE LITERARY SOCIETY'S SHORT STORY COMPETITION

(From the Judges' Report)

.....Though the efforts were fewer in number it is noteworthy that every competitor had a real story this year, each with its own interest and charm, and each showing originality. The titles were good. In this connection we thought "Masks" particularly well chosen. The order, arrangement and punctuation are well above the average, "The Will Points the Way," being weakest in punctuation. All the writers kept within the required limits of 1500 to 4000 words. That judges are not always impressed with verbosity is well illustrated by the prize order in this competition. The winner wrote 1500 words; the second place was won with 1900 words; the essay placed third has 3850 words.

The judges did not meet together for judgment. Each read the essays, valued and ranked them independently, and sent in a judgement. This judgement, which is unanimous, ranks the essays in the following order:

1. Science vs. Fate
2. Masks

3. The Will Points the Way.

4. All in the Day's Work.

A few remarks concerning each story may be of interest to the competitors both present and future.

*Science vs. Fate.*¹ This is the strongest in originality. The atmosphere is convincing and the constant suggestion of the physics problem with the accompanying sines, logs and slide rule is cleverly carried out. The diction in places shows brilliancy, at other times want of care is noticeable. The short, crisp sentences denote motion better than a mass of words would. The *times*, however, are not arranged in a clear enough order to give the needed force, but the climax is well done, the crisis being passed and the denouement on while the reader gathers his wits to ask what has really happened. More experienced writers would be glad to be able to obtain this effect. The ending carries out the idea suggested in the introduction, though the idea of waking from a nightmare occurs too frequently in the short story of today to be a tower of strength. The undercurrent of humor in the story is pleasing.

Masks is a clever story, and, as noted

above, is very well named. The plot and its development are quite strong. The writer seems to know and to be able to interpret human beings and their emotions well, for both setting and atmosphere seem to be rightly selected. The diction is good, some phrases in particular being well chosen. The grim struggle and haughty pride of the poor, their endeavors and self denials for one member of the family, their efforts to keep this knowledge from him, and the lack of reciprocation by the prosperous one are handled in masterly fashion. The ending, however, does not leave us convinced and we finish reading the story with a feeling of the improbability of the circumstances.

The Will Points the Way, is much more amateurish than the two stories commented upon above. The plot is more feeble and drags on too slowly. The ending is rather insipid. As pointed out above, the punctuation is poor. As the stories are judged on the basis of being ready for publication, this is a serious defect. The conversation is common place and the speeches attributed to the Frenchman rather savor of those of a negro. In spite of its defects it is a very readable story and will have eager attention from those who are fond of adventure.

All in the Day's Work tells of a storm in which tug-boat men find themselves. The story would be greatly enhanced in value if the landlubber could be given a thrill or two which would make him desire to set out, if only in a rowboat, to effect a timely rescue.

(Signed) H. S. Lynde,
S. R. N. Hodgins,
W. P. Percival

"MATERIAL"

Ponce de Leon squandered much time and treasure, and incidentally lost his own life and the lives of most of his men, in his search for the fountain of perpetual youth. Recently one of our most successful spirit mediums had a chat with Ponce. He earnestly assured her that while life nosing round the Florida Everglades had been no sinecure, even yet he thinks "there is something likely about that fountain."

Like Ponce de Leon, the editor of a college magazine spends much time nosing round. He is not searching for the rejuvenating gusher, but his quest may fittingly be used in connection with the adjective "perpetual." Engaged in the hunt a magazine editor is in constant danger of sharing the doom of his illustrious predecessor. Undoubtedly, like the shade of the unfortunate hidalgo of Spain, the shades of departed magazine editors will admit that they enjoyed themselves while they had official existence.

Here the parallel ends. For poor old Ponce life ended in disappointment, and when he reached his fountain it turned out to be a river—the river of Death. Editorial quests are generally more successful. While the material secured is not always pure gold the end is not always disappointment.

The contributor of acceptable material to the College Magazine can feel that he is a share-holder in the enterprise of "getting it out." He has made a paying investment, and one that will benefit both himself and the community.

While the Spirit moveth thee take goose-quill in hand and write!

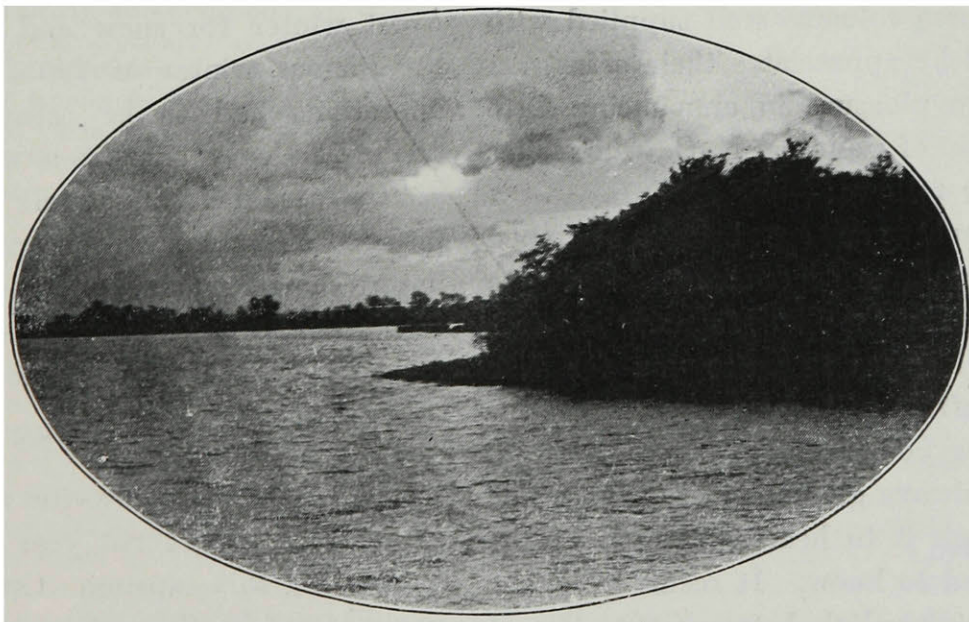


“All the World’s a Stage and all the Men and Women merely Players”

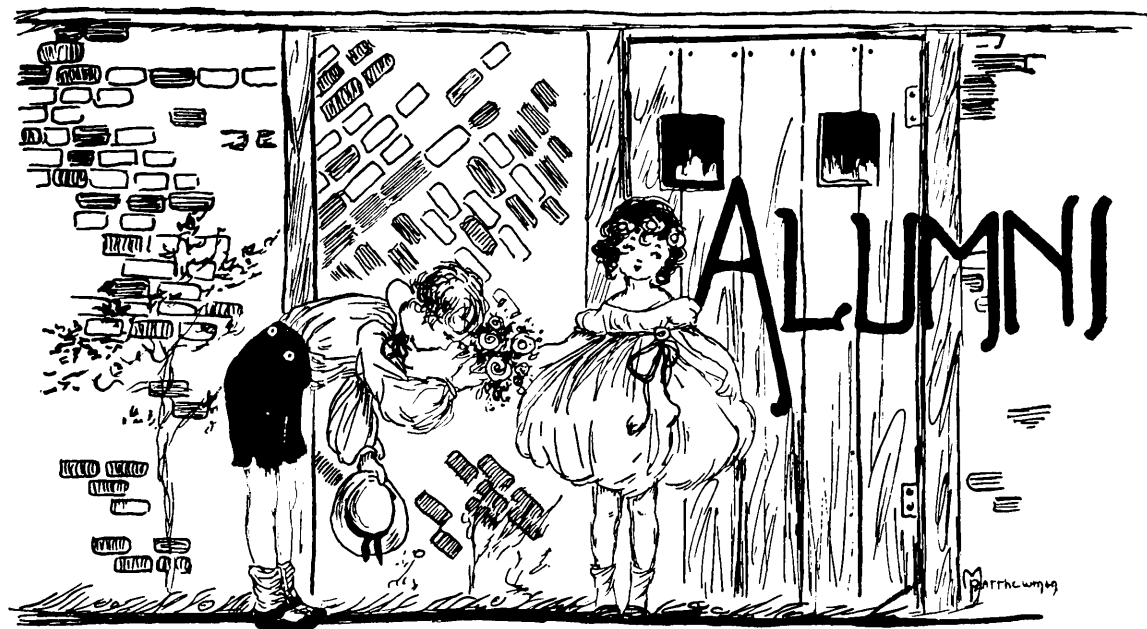
Whether Shakespeare was a fatalist or not, I do not know; but it’s no secret that many people take the above quoted words as an excuse for their we-should-worry attitude toward life. Their reasoning, or rather, their only-too-ready conclusion is this — ‘if the world’s but a stage and you and I are merely players, somebody must be directing us. God has created the play and He knows just how He wants it to end. Fate, as God’s director, gives each of us our parts; and we go on from day to day, acting our insignificant pieces in the great drama of Life. It doesn’t matter what we do, we shall live only until Fate has no further need of us, then we shall be discarded. Why then should we worry and work? Things are bound to happen no matter what we do.’

Perhaps these supposedly happy people are right, and the rest of us the foolish

ones. Perhaps Fate, at this very minute, is laughing to himself, as we try to defy him. But if, for the time being, we adopt the fatalistic view it doesn’t matter to Fate what we think; and it pleases me to reason things out this way—if we are truly merely players on a large, large stage, why should we be satisfied with minor parts? Fate wants the play to be a success, undoubtedly he will employ any means to bring about the climax to his story. If you and I do our own parts well, is it not reasonable to believe that he will give us a chance to play a bigger, better part? Fate smiles, but he is a kind Fate as well as a harsh one; so let us hope that if we do our best with the parts he has given us, we shall get another chance to prove our worth in “Life.”—Dorothea Hopkins.



Scene near the College



A Gratifying Response

The response to our appeal for newsy letters from graduates in order to have more interesting material for this section of the Magazine has surpassed our expectations, for have we not received one letter?

This certainly goes to show that our graduates believe in assisting the G. S. to keep these columns well supplied with news, and he appreciates their efforts.

We take pleasure in announcing Otto Schafheitlin of Canning, N. S., who writes in part as follows:—

"No doubt you are being swamped with letters from graduates in answer to your appeal in the last Magazine; in fact I almost hesitate to write you for fear the post office will charge you extra for overloading your box."

"I am always glad to get the Magazine and through it to hear something of the boys I used to know. It seems to be the only remaining link between my present rather quiet life and the former active student days...."

"On the first of December we moved into our new home on the farm adjoining my father's place. We consider it the cosiest and most convenient home possible

and would be glad to give any Macdonald men who contemplate building some pointers on plans....."

"Lately our chief occupation has been digging out apple trees. There are drifts here almost up to the tops of the telephone wires and completely burying good sized apple trees. It has been the worst winter for snow and storms since the famous winter of 1905. Lumbering operations had to be suspended and trains ran only once in a while."

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you much of interest about myself except that I am happy though married, and just as hard-up as I always was in college days, and have two of the finest boys in the world."

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1928

There is given herewith a list of the students in the fourth year who will be graduating this spring. Opposite their names is given the option in which they are specializing. This information is published so that graduates or others interested may have an opportunity of putting these men in touch with positions which may be available at the time of their graduation.

Armitage, W. H.	Animal Husbandry	Vanterpool T. C.	“	“
Brighton, H. W.	“	“	“	“
Grisdale, J. Hume	“	Bowen, G. H.	Horticulture (selective)	
Holden, E. W.	“	Perron, W. H.	“	“
McOuat, T. E.	“	McKibbin, R. R.	Chemistry (selective)	
Smith, J. B.	“	Rolleston, L. O.	“	“
Wurtzburger, R. L.	“	Stevens, J. V.	“	“
Armstrong, T.	Entomology	Maw, A. J. G.	Poultry (selective)	
Baker, A. D.	“	Williams, E. K.	“	“
Graham, A. R.	“	Dimmock, F.		Agronomy.
Spittall J. P.	“	Burke, K. M.		B. Sc. in Agr.
Atwell, E. A.	Plant Pathology			



Annual Financial Statement of the M. C. A. A. A. For the year ending August 31st, 1922.
Receipts

Balance from 1920-21	\$154.50
Two life subscriptions at \$20.00	40.00
Forty-four annual subscriptions at \$2.00	88.00
Two annual subscriptions (arrears)	4.00
Interest on 3 Dominion War Loan Bonds ($5\frac{1}{2}$ %)	16.50
Interest on 3 Dominion War Loan Bonds ($\frac{1}{2}$ year)	2.75
Interest on 2 Cedar Rapids Bonds (5 p. c.) (less commission	9.60
Interest on 2 Wayagamack Bonds (6 p. c.) (less commission)	11.75
Bank Interest	4.79
Exchange	54
	\$332.43

Expenditures

Printing, Stationery, etc.	\$39.25
Stenography	44.05
Postage and Postal Cards	21.50
Forty-three annual subscriptions to the magazine, 1921-22.. . . .	43.00
Two annual subscriptions 1920-21	2.00
Interest on 75 life subscriptions to the magazine	37.50
Salary of Secretary	60.00
Expenses of secretary and phone calls	20.65
Travelling expenses of Class Secretaries meeting held Dec. 10th, 1921	7.40
Ribbon for McGill Reunion Alumni Dinner	4.50
Office Specialty Company for files, filling cards and cabinet	8.40
Exchange and stamps on cheques	2.18
	290.43
Balance forward to 1922-23	42.00

Assets

2 Cedar Rapids Bonds.
2 Wayagamack Bonds
3 Dominion War Loan Bonds.
Proceeds sale one War Bond (\$99.35) for reloan or investment.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

We hear from Ellard Hodgins, '15, that a little sister arrived at their home on the 18th of February to keep "Little Bill" company.

We are sorry to report that L. C. McOuat '15, had to undergo an operation for appendicitis, being taken ill in Winnipeg. We understand he is making good recovery and hope that by the time this item appears he will have fully recovered.

Two graduates who have taken out life memberships lately are G. D. Matthews, '21 and P. M. Simmonds, '21. It is gratifying to see the younger graduates taking such a keen interest in the welfare of the Association.

If any graduate knows the address of C. Coffin, '14, or of C. F. Peterson '20 will they please inform the General Secretary?

The following graduates have visited the College recently—J. Graham, '22, E. McGreer, '22, R. Templeton, '22, A. E. McMahon, '18, L. V. Parent, '12, F. H. Grindley, '11, C. Watson, '21, D. M. Lauric, '22, G. D. Matthews, '21, C. H. Hodge, '14, G. W. Muir, '14, J. C. Moy-nan, '16, W. G. MacDougall, '15, G. Arnold, '18, S. Boily, '22, R. J. M. Reid, '18, L. C. McOuat, '15. If they would all arrive at the same time there would be quite a re-union.

Alan G. Dunstan, M. Sc. '22, has been appointed to the Entomological staff of the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Faculty Items

Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Baird were the guests of Professor and Mrs. Barton for a few days in February.

Mr. Musgrove has undergone an operation for appendicitis and is recovering as fast as can be expected.

Dr. E. M. Du Porte attended the meeting of the Sigma XI on February 27th. in the Physics Building, McGill University.

Dr. Conklin addressed a farmers' club on "Tuberculosis" at Brigham, on March 2nd.

The Macdonald College Film was shown at Foster, Ayer's Cliff and Tomifobia by Mr. Lampman during the week of March the 5th.

Miss Babb is giving a series of lectures on Household Science subjects during the month of March to the Quebec Local Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

Dr. Snell gave an address at Sawyer-

ville on March 9th. on the "The Maple Sugar Industry."

Miss B. M. Philp addressed a meeting on January 19th., at Dunvegan, on "Value of Household Science Education."

Miss Roach, Dr. Dickson and Mr. Tawse addressed a farmers' meeting at Abbotsford on March 9th.

Dr. G. P. McRostie, Dominion Agrostologist, paid a short visit to the college on March 6th.

Dr. Alex. McTaggart addressed meetings at Sawyerville and Ormstown on the subjects "Fertilizers" and "Alfalfa."

Professor Summerby, Dr. McTaggart and Mr. Lods attended and judged at the Annual Provincial Seed Fair, Quebec.

Mr. W. J. Wright is on a leave of absence, owing to an operation on his eyes.

Mr. J. K. Richardson, M. Sc. has been appointed Assistant in the Botany Dept.

Alumnae

SCIENCE.

Announcements of the wedding of Miss Eva McNab to Mr. Norman Arthur Francis on Wednesday January 24, 1923, at Orillia, Ontario, were received by a number of her old "Mac" friends who wish her and Mr. Francis all happiness.

Among the visitors to the college this term we've seen Miss Christine McCle-mock, Miss Yvette Lafferty and Miss Evelyn Jones, all Homemakers '22.

Miss Jean Crawford, a "Senior Ad" of '22 has been appointed a follow-up worker with the Montreal Diet Dispensary

TEACHERS

Miss Jean Fowler, T' 18, then a member of the senior basket ball team, who is now in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, was Mr. Musgrove's private nurse during his recent illness.

Miss R. Woods, Elem. T. '21, Pres. Atheletic Ass; Miss R. Jacques, Sc. '18 Miss T. Dale, T. '17, Miss B. Thorn Sc. '18 Miss H. Dale, T '19, Miss I. Norton, T'18, Miss E. Amaron, T'18, Miss D. Seifer, Sc. '18, and Miss B. Jackson (manager) are the members of the Chipewa team, Quebec. Each member of this team played for Mac. in her year.

Miss Constance Jackson T'12, sailed for India last October to take up girls' work.

Miss Eleanor Quinn '21 is teaching in Peace Centennial School, Montreal.

Miss A. Murchie '21 is enjoying a rest for a year at Inverness, P. Q.

Miss Jean Black and Miss McKeown, both of T'21 are teaching in Berthelet School, Montreal.

Miss Pansy Benham T'18, is Principal of Trenholm Consolidated School.

IN MEMORIAM

HONOR GIFFORD

Institution Administration Course,

1919-21

Honor was characterized by her energy, her sense of humor, and her gift for forming quick and lasting friendships.

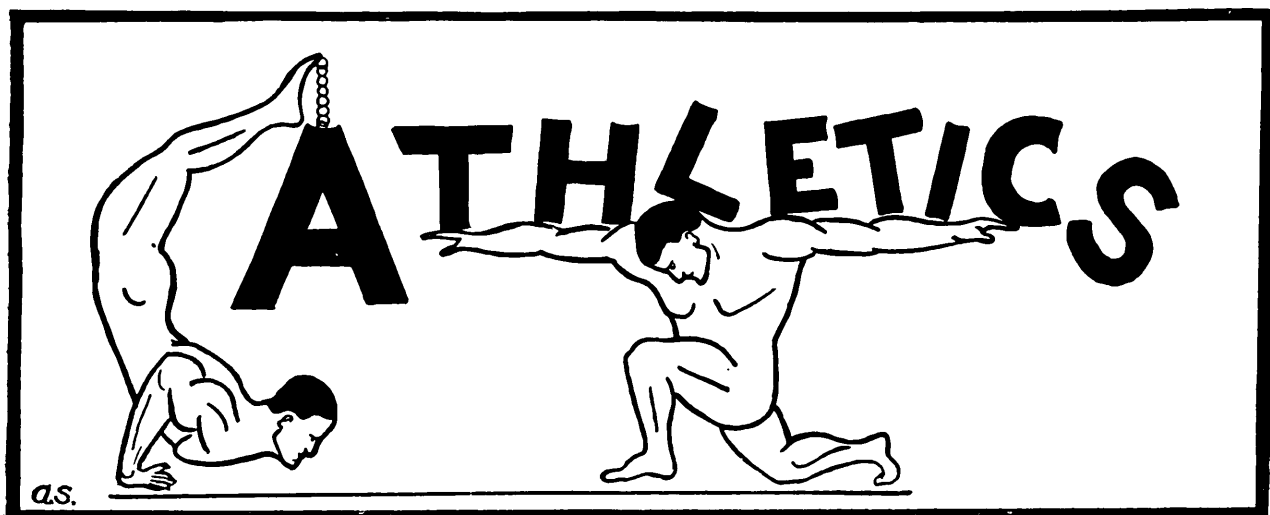
From the commencement of her life at Macdonald there was never any doubt in her mind as to what she wanted to do. For her, the only profession in the world was that of a dietitian; her enthusiasm never diminished even with the insight into the less known and less attractive aspect of the work which the practical side of the Institution Admin. course reveals.

Her energy was unfagging. She had

joint charge of a tea-house—the "Wee Housie"—at Lennoxville during her first summer vacation, and returned to college, after the experience, with renewed interest in her work. She had hitched her wagon to a star, and nothing short of the star would satisfy her.

Her pupil dietitian course was taken at the Robert Long Hospital, Indianapolis.

She had been dietitian at Sewickley Valley Hospital, Pa., only a few months, when, on February 2nd, 1923, a brief attack of pneumonia ended fatally.



BASKETBALL

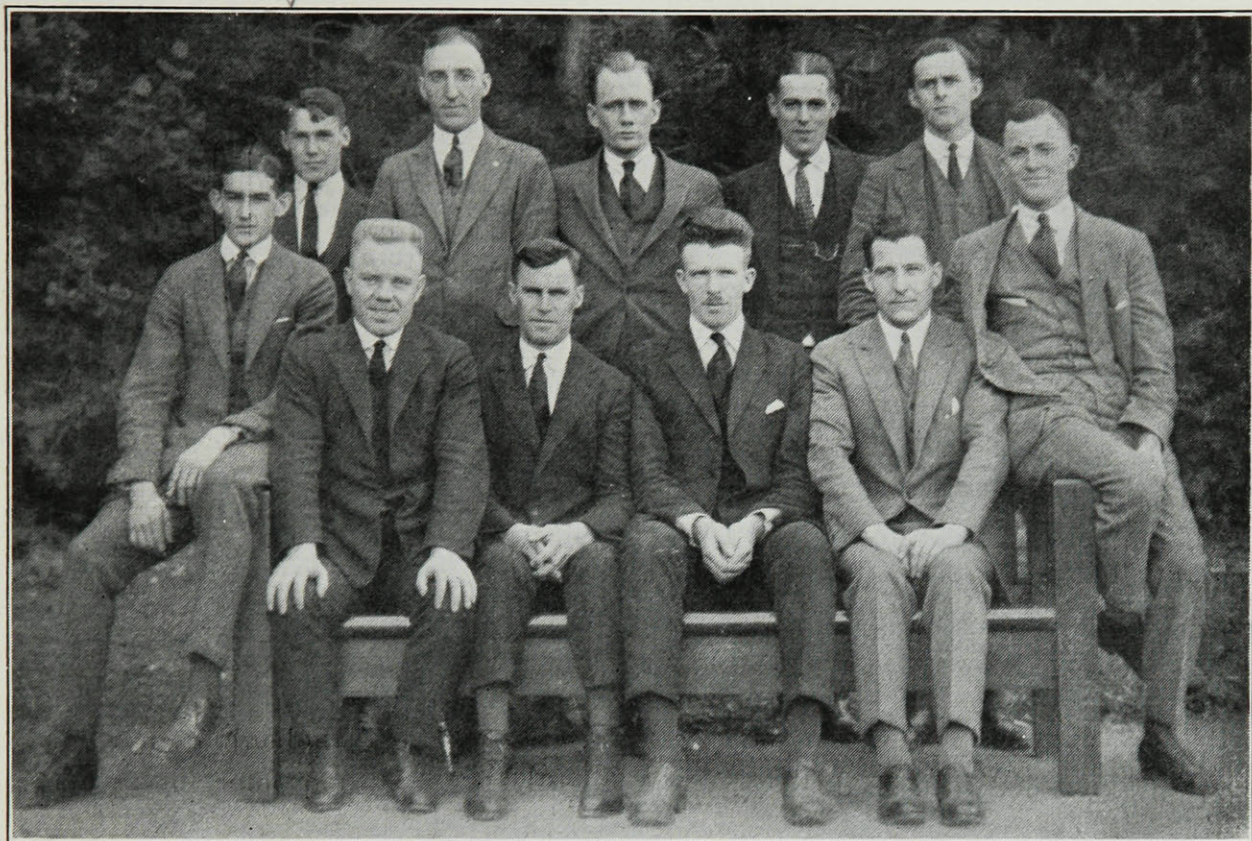
In reviewing the past season's basketball schedule, one can hardly say that we have been very successful from the viewpoint of victories. If we pause to reflect, however, it will be seen that the teams have on the whole given a fairly good account of themselves, and done credit to the college. It is true than in some games we were outclassed, yet some games were lost by a close margin, while other games though lost, were better and closer than the score might indicate. The remaining games were won. Both the college teams were pitted some very fast opponents, and we were handicapped by the lack of a coach, and by the inability of several capable players to participate in the league games, due to injuries received early in the season.

Our junior team has more league games to its credit than has the Intermediate. It was a noteworthy fact that they shaped up very well and handled themselves in a very creditable manner, for many of them had had no experience in league games prior to this season. These games will fit them well for the part they will have to play next year, for from their numbers will be formed the nucleus of next season's college team. Such was the purpose when the two teams were formed this year: the Intermediates, composed of members of the Staff and the Student body, and the

Juniors, composed principally of students. To obtain better success next year several obstacles must be overcome that were apparent this year in both teams, namely, that of individual play, and the inability to "get going" early in the game. Team work, combination, and a good quick start are what should be aimed at.

Although the Intermediates were successful in only two of their league games when they decisively defeated the U. of M., yet on every occasion they put up a great battle, unfortunately obtaining the smaller score. Several exhibition games were also played in which the Intermediates made a good showing. Two exhibition games with McGill Intermediates resulted in victories for Macdonald, while two decisive victories were obtained over the Wesley Church A. A. In the exhibition game at Macdonald against the Tuxis boys of Sherbrooke, we lost by the narrow margin of one point, after overcoming a strong lead of our opponents. This was one of the best games of the season, and furnished the spectators with many a thrill, especially in the second half, when our boys rushed the Tuxis players practically off their feet. The Tuxis team have been champions of Sherbrooke and the Eastern Townships for two years and recently held the champion Vermont team to a 2 point win in 15 mins. overtime.

It is not customary for any of our col-



ATHLETIC EXECUTIVES, 1922 - 1923.

*Green
Hanson*

*Chick
McKewey*

*Mary
Chriska*

*Mary
Foster*

Hockey

The Hockey season this year was very successful. Of the 13 games played 10 were won and the remaining three lost.

The first game against Strathcona was lost 7-1. Despite the score, play was fast, but our opponents had the edge throughout. The return game Mac. won however, 4-3, in overtime play. In a further game at the Mount Royal Arena,

team of the Industrial League, and played at the Coliseum Rink, Montreal. The game was full of thrills, for Mac. was now beginning to find her form. At the call of time the score was 2 all. In overtime play the Painters managed to score.

On Feb. 7th the St. Anne's team bowed to a 6-5 defeat.

The interfaculty league started on Feb. 10th, and Macdonald battled Science at



The Hockey Team

Mac. again demonstrated her superiority, winning 3-2.

The Wesley A. A. A. were then defeated on the home ice to the tune of 7-0.

The College team then went to Hudson Heights and defeated the Hudson boys 4-0. Owing to the condition of the ice, the game was loose throughout. Better ice made the second game faster and Mac. was given a harder fight. She won, however, 3-2.

On Feb. 5th, Mac. accepted a challenge from the Sherwin-Williams Paint Co.

the College. The visitors won, as Walker, one of the star players on the team, was injured at practice the night before and could not play. This broke up the combination and with Science playing a three-man defence, individual rushes were fruitless.

In the second game the forwards were at their best and the defence worked hard. Lamb the goal-tender also stopped many seemingly impossible shots. Medicine lost, 3-1.

On Feb 19th, the Arts game came off at

the McGill Rink and the Aggies won, 4-1. They had the edge throughout.

Dentistry then defaulted to us, and the last game was played at home, against Commerce. The ice was soft and good stick-handling impossible. Both teams went in more for checking and ragging the puck than for hockey, and Mac. therefore won the comedy, 3-2. Mac consequently finished second in the league, Science leading her by one point. An exhibition game planned with them was never played owing to poor ice.

The team was as follows:—

Lamb, Johannsen, L. Cooke, Walker, James, Roach (capt.)

Spares, Matthews, Tully, Henry, Black
—J. B. R.

inexperienced skater on the ice, attempted to demonstrate to the spectators his superior speed, and ability as a stick-handler, with the result that the ice registered a personal foul against him. This souvenir he carried for many a day and caused several of the fairer sex to think that our hero had been in a somewhat disreputable struggle. Additional incidents of a less humorous nature occurred in nearly every game and provided sport for the embryonic players.

It is to be regretted that it was not possible to have the teams representing the Fourth Year and Winter Course meet in a final game. Due to the inclemency of the weather and the state of the ice this



INTER-CLASS HOCKEY

Inter-class Hockey at Macdonald during the 1922-23 season was only tolerably successful. A regular schedule was arranged and one or more games played by all the teams except one,—this sextette having the unique distinction of winning one and losing three games by default. The remaining teams however, endeavoured to exemplify that sportsmanship for which good old Mac. is justly famous and enthusiasm ran high in all games. One in particular is worthy of note—that between the Senior and Junior years. In this battle, one of the Juniors, the most

could not be arranged and as a result these teams finished in a tie for second place.

The Freshmen with four players on the College Hockey team came through without a defeat and consequently won the trophy.

The final standing of the league follows:

Year	Won	Lost	Points
Freshmen	4	0	8
Senior	2	1	4
Winter Course	2	1	4
Sophomores	1	3	2
Juniors	0	4	0

lege teams to travel any great distance, but an innovation was made this year when the Intermediate Basketball team travelled to Sherbrooke, to play a return match with the Tuxis boys, and thence to Quebec to play the "All Stars" of that city. Thanks to the good will and financial and moral support of the men students and numerous members of the faculty, this trip was made possible. It was unfortunate that both games were lost, but the trip at least served the purpose of introducing the name of Macdonald to many who had not heard of such a place.

In Sherbrooke, Macdonald overcame a lead of 18-1 and finished the first half two points behind their opponents (20-18). The second half kept the spectators on edge, for Macdonald would lead for a time, only to be replaced by Tuxis. This was the case until only a few minutes were left to play, during which time Tuxis scored several baskets in rapid succession, making the score 41-33 in their favour. For Macdonald, Amaron was the star player. He was strongly backed up by the other members of the team.

The game against the "All Stars" of Quebec city was just as exciting. The Macdonald boys started the scoring and maintained a small lead for a short time, but this was soon overcome by their opponents. From then on both teams struggled for the lead, which was first maintained by one, and then by the other team. Replete with thrills, the game ended, after a desperate rally, in favour of the All Stars, 42-36. It is to be hoped that next year similar trips may be taken by our college teams.

The Junior team has one exhibition and three league games to its credit. It triumphed over Crystals on two occasions, while McGill also suffered a defeat at its hands. Its two games with the Westmount A. A. were lost only after the hardest of fights. In both games we led at half time,

but were unable to check the rally of our opponents, who won by a narrow margin on both occasions. Similar conditions were experienced with the North Branch "Y", who just managed to obtain a slight lead over our team, who were leading at half time. The game in town with McGill was a repetition of this, for again they led for the first period, but failed to check their opponents, who were strengthened by several fresh star players in the second period. J. B. Smith was probably the outstanding payer on the junior team. He was strongly backed by Sharpe and Cooke, as forwards, while Fogerty and James were hard-working guards. For the Intermediates, Amaron probably showed up the best, but great credit is due Conklin and Lamb, and the guards also backed up the team in a capable manner.

The general line-up for the games was as follows:—

Intermediates

Amaron
Lamb
Conklin
Major
Bowen

Junior

Cooke
Sharpe
Smith J. B.
Fogerty
James

Exhibition

Amaron
Lamb
Smith J. B.
Conklin
Bowen
Major

Interclass Basketball and Baseball

By the time the magazine reaches its readers most of the interclass games will have been completed.

In these two series of games the Seniors have the highest number of points and will no doubt have the honour of winning the coveted Robertson Shield.

The winter course are a close second, the Sophs and the Juniors giving them a hard chase. Basketball has been closely contested all through the series, but the Baseball was the most exciting, especial-

ly for the Juniors. Owing to their small numbers all hands had to be on deck and unfortunately several of their men were new to the game and did not even know the rules. In several cases this led to some wild scenes during the games. A good catcher was borrowed, however, and they won two of their four games.

These interclass games create a good college spirit, besides giving us a liberal recreation, and also the chance to qualify for the different league teams. The final standing will be given in our next.



The Basketball Team

May 1914

J. B. S. H.

Macdonald

Macdonald

Girls' Athletics

HOCKEY

The first girls' hockey game of the season was played at Mac. on Jan. 27., when R. V. C. defeated Mac. by a score of 1-0.

On Feb. 8, Mac. was again defeated on her own ice, by M. S. P. E. team. Time after time the M. S. P. E. defence 'men' brought the puck down the ice, passed the Macdonald guards, but were unable to get past the goaler, Peggy Low. It was not until during the last two minutes of play that the M. S. P. E. team scored its winning goal.

On Feb. 10 the Mac. team played Y. W. C. A. on the McGill rink, and lost by a score of 1-0.

On Feb. 21, M. A. A. A. was beaten by Mac. on the Macdonald rink, Jimmy Delahay scoring the winning goal.

The Mac. girls played the Macdonald High School team on Feb. 27. The game ended without either side having scored.

On March 1st, the last game of the season was played between Science and Teachers. The game was closely contested, each team striving to uphold the honour of its school. The game ended 1-0 in favour of Teachers, Majorie Fiddes neatly pushing the puck past the Science goalie.

Gwen Amaron

BASKET-BALL

The second game of the Basket-Ball

season was played in Montreal in the Y. W. C. A. Building against the first and second teams of the Y. W. C. A. Our Seniors won by a big majority. The Juniors lost by a small margin.

The next game was played at Mac, and was a very close contest between our teams and the opposing teams of the R. V. C. Again Mac. Seniors won, with a score of 20-15; the Junior teams of both colleges tied, score, 25 all. The Senior R. V. C. team afterwards won the Inter-collegiate title.

On Saturday, March 23, the teams went to Montreal to play M. G. H. S. The Seniors were again successful, winning with a score of 50-25, but our Juniors felt the loss of one of their players—score 24-20 for M. G. H. S.

The first and second teams of the M. S. P. E. then came to Mac. These games proved very exciting but both our teams lost to the M. S. P. E. Scores: Seniors 31-28, Juniors 22-13.

On Saturday, March 9th, a return match was played against the M. S. P. E. in Molson's Hall, Montreal. This game was intensely exciting and we won by a score of 27-20.

The girls' teams have only three more games to play before the season closes, one each against Trafalgar Institute, Girls' High School and Y. W. C. A.

Mary Gillies.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAMS



First Basketball

Hockey

Second Basketball



A Days' Adventures In Search of Knowledge

By J. PERCIVAL SPITTALL, '23

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after knowledge, for they shall be filled."

The "Chimes of Normandy" played by the janitor, aroused me from my slumber with a start. Sweet and low the dulcet tones rose and fell in the distance, but finally came through the keyhole like a Wagnerian finale as he passed my door.

On arriving at the swimming pool I find all the lights gone. After falling over the diving board and incidentally removing several inches of integument from my shin bone I reach the shower, muttering sweet nothings under my breath. The adjustment of our showers must have been installed by a man accustomed to manufacturing micrometers. Turn the handle three microns too much, you are nearly scalded to death. Move it back an infinitesimal amount, as you think, you receive an icy douche. In one of my speedy exits to escape these nerve-racking extremes in the darkness my foot slipped

and over the edge of the tank I went. The high bacterial content of the water after many, many weeks of stagnation had raised its specific gravity to such an extent that apparently it would not freeze, otherwise I would verily have fallen on solid ice. However, after a vigorous scrubbing down to remove all the algae and fungi which I had brought out of the tank with me, I felt like a new man, but whether the new man was any better than the old one, I hae me doots.

A hasty dash over the campus to get my "café à deux mains" will set me up for the day. However, I receive another cold douche here. My cheerful good morning is received with five scowls of disapproval from the starboard side of the table and with five looks of amazement from the occupants of the port side. Evidently it is not the thing to wish one's

neighbours 'good morning' at Macdonald. However:

"Once bitten, twice shy.

Twice bitten, a fool am I."

I retreated into my shell and have stayed there with molluscaid tenacity ever since. The congealing effect of the Macdonald swimming tank has nothing on the Anglo-Saxon reserve. Our lack of *bonhomie* is a striking contrast to the ostentatious affability in other parts of the world. I have seen big bearded Russian officers kiss each other on both cheeks when meeting on the public thoroughfare, and in Mexico when a man leaves you he embraces you with both arms, pats you on the back three times, saying "a dios." I will admit that the Mexican girls do not demonstrate such positive thigmotropism, and the dagger they wear concealed in their mantilla has a retarding effect on the fresh. Demosthenes, the great Greek orator, strengthened his voice by practising it against the waves on the sea shore. Had he been allocated to a table of Montreal homemakers as often as some of us have, I am afraid that even the strength of his voice would not have prevented him running the risk of starvation. "They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like some of these."

My first lecture was engineering. The reason I selected that was because nearly all the other subjects in my curriculum are highly theoretical and I wished to have something concrete to take away with me from Macdonald. Believe me gentlemen—and ladies too—I have been getting concrete in every shape and form from a 1-2-4 mixture up. When I first went West I took vocational training. One of my fourteen vocations in as many weeks was handling concrete. When you wheel concrete across a narrow plank on the fourteenth storey and the other thirteen storeys below are mainly conspicuous by

their absence, you realize that concrete is a heavy subject. It is even heavier than that here. You wonder why an entomologist should choose such a subject. Well, I'll let you in on the secret, but keep it dark. When I leave here I am going to organize all the queen bees in the country into a union and get them to insist on having reinforced concrete beehives to lay their eggs in. According to the laws of economics every demand eventually creates a supply. I, even I, will supply. My future is assured. If I cannot build dams by the time I get through with this concrete course at least I shall be able to think them.

At 9.20 I transfer myself both mentally and physically from the concrete to the abstract. *Ab ovo usque ad mala*. Biology is a large subject. Adaptations, modifications and specializations are the keywords of the biologist's doctrine. Here one's brain must move rapidly, for our worthy instructor can take you through the whole phylogenetic series in forty minutes while the common, ordinary, average number of the genus *homo* requires three score years and ten to complete his ontogeny. I am convinced that he can see far fewer homologous differences between a fish's tail and a dog's hind leg than there are between the average student's skull and solid ivory.

"Any questions?" and the lecture is over.

Put on your gas masks, boys. It is 10.05 and we are due to make a raid on the Science Building. Our approach had evidently been expected, for on reaching the lower floor, we found that they had put a heavy barrage of noxious gases. Our ardour oozes through the lace holes of our boots as we ascend and by the time we reach the top, the titre of our courage expressed in grit is about 0.0000001. Not having brought a periscope, an advance guard is sent ahead to see if there is anything about "odd numbered seats" on the

board. According to past experience a heavy, as some of it deals with concrete. test is about due. In such an event, half the earnest seekers after knowledge have decided that discretion will be the better part of valour, for he who turns and runs away, may write the better another day. The coast is clear. We enter and find the Mighty Atom (apologies to Marie Corelli) securely entrenched behind a barricade which reminds one of a glass warehouse. Are we going to have a demonstration of salesmanship? No. It is something even worse—the ionization theory. After hearing all about it, most students are willing to let it remain a theory. My next subject will be “Oh, Celeste” said the doctor. We pricked up our ears; this sounded like the reminiscences of a gay night in Paris. We were soon disillusioned, for ‘eau celeste’ apparently consists of a spray material with a formula a yard long. As another instance that our thoughts and those of the speaker do not always run *pari passu*, one morning last year, towards the close of a forty-minute address on Glycogen, my neighbour, an animal man, turned to me and whispered: “The old man’s giving us a strong dose of Nitrogen this morning, ain’t he?”

Our lecture in English comes like a refreshing oasis in the midst of a barren desert of science, but it was quite spoilt by the lecturer mentioning that he had set aside a few books in the library for us to read in our spare time. In idle curiosity, on going down to the library I applied the volumetric test to this little gift of literature. When piled up, the heap measured two by three by three feet, or 27 cubic feet of reading matter. My heart sank. I repaired to the stack room and after measuring the books of all the different ‘ologies’ which had been recommended to me by different professors, I find that to satisfy all hands I will have to consume just 327.6706 cubic feet of reading matter, light and heavy, mostly

A gravimetric determination was impossible owing to lack of scales large enough. However, by reading night and day, I shall be able to just get through the pile in two years, three months, four days and five minutes.

On my menu for the afternoon the first period is Botany. A charming subject. As I meander across the campus my thoughts turn blithely to sunny meadows and orchards sweet fragrant with blossoms, and I find myself humming:

“Ring a ring a rosy

A pocket full of poesies.”

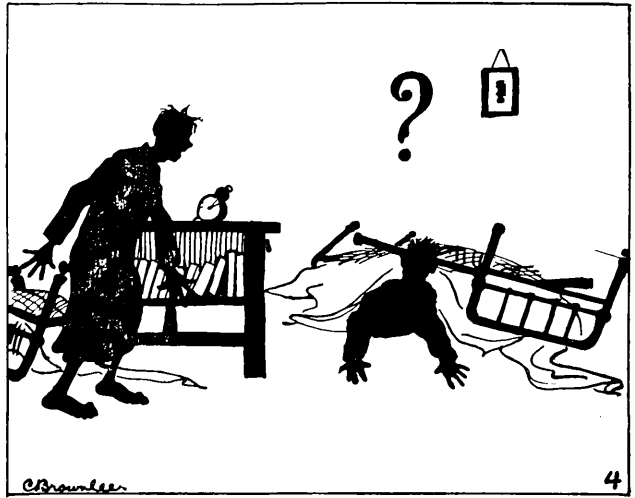
“The flower you have in front of you,” the lecturer proceeds, “is a gymnospermous spermatophyte, with hypogynous, tetradynamous stamens of which the filaments are subulate. The placentae of the terete ovary are parietal, polyspermous and next the dissepiment. You will notice that the racemes are corymbose ebracteate, and the embryo exalbuminous with accumbent cotyledons. By the way I forgot to mention that the siliqua is torulose and that the floral formula for this simple number of the *Brassicae* is $Ca\ 5, Co\ 5, A\ 15-20, or\ 30\ G\ 1,$ ” and so on and so on. One’s brain reels. What is it? A lesson in Greek or chemistry?

A man who talks to you like that is on safe grounds. He may be guilty of innumerable terminological inexactitudes. In which case were he lecturing on music you might refer to him as a blasted lyre; but, being a botanist you can only speak of broken reeds.

The final spasm for the day was Bacteriology. “Who enters here, leave all hope behind” should be placed over the entrance to this laboratory. The keyword here is “organism.” Without your organism—or somebody else’s when they are not looking—you are out of luck. It is always a life and death struggle to run down your organism and I must confess

that I am the one that is usually run down—both in health and temper. In this science the creatures are named in inverse ratio to their size. 'John Smith' is sufficient to designate the most complicated metazoan on this planet; yet these small, insignificant unicellulars, which have not the courage to stand up on their hind legs and look one in the eye, rejoice in such names as *Bacillus anthra-*

dies say. They paid their visit and left their visiting cards. I had a rim of knobs around my waist line big enough to warrant my dispensing with suspenders for a week. However, revenons a notre *mouton*, and nowhere more apropos than in the Macdonald library. I defy any man, woman or child to take me into the garden, place their finger on a gentle little wasp and say "There, you have a social wasp."



A Tale Without Words

cis symptomatici chauvei or *Streptococcus mesenteroides*. It is to laugh, or would be, were it not so serious.

4.30 p. m. I am free. No, I'm not. I have to prepare a seminar on "Social wasps." I thought it was a joke when this subject was first assigned to me. A wasp's ideas of sociability and mine do not coincide. A party of them once called on me and going to the back door, they caught me *en deshabelle*, as the la-

There ain't no such animile. After bitter experience I allocate my time for seminars as follows: 0.25 hours to deliver the results of my researches. 2.5 hours to put down the aforementioned results in black and white, and 25 hours to find the above results; or, expressed in terms of "free periods" it takes me just a hundred times as long to know all I say as it does to say all I know. I used to make a practice of referring to text books *ad lib.*, for

there is no getting away from the fact that they sometimes know more than you do about the subject; but the question is: where are the text books? On consulting the card index one discovers that our library is replete with up-to-date scientific information. On referring to the shelves what do you find? Empty spaces. I am interested, let us say, in the subject of matrimonial felicity. The book "How to be happy though married" is essential. It is out. Who has it? On consulting the librarian it is found that Dr. Keepit has had this work since February 29th. The particular leap year is not specified. While I admire Dr. Keepit's foresight in preparing himself beforehand and not wanting to take the leap in the dark, he should realise that other people my wish to read up on this subject between leap years.

By this time my metabolic activity, dynamic and kinetic, expressed in ergs, was getting low. The urge within headed me automatically towards the dining room where a sumptuous repast of luscious B. C. salmon awaited me. B. C. is intended to be taken in its geographical sense here. We have no absolute proof that the Egyptians canned salmon, though what secrets the tomb of King Tutankhamen may yet reveal is worrying some of our dietitians.

An hour's diversion on the ice refreshes the tired brain and provides amusement to drive dull care away. Angels, both male and female, can be seen falling on all sides. Some assume the christian attitude of prayer on their knees; while others are apparently of Mahometan persuasion, if one can judge from their spread-eagled forms.

On returning to my room for a quiet evening of study, I discover the usual nightly musicale has commenced. Away down in the suite two melodious voices are trying to drown the notes of the piano.

In the music room the gramophone is repeating for the two-millionth time something about "A Big Black Mammy of Mine." If that Black Mammy doesn't shut up soon, I see where I become a militant member of the Ku Klux Klan. Two doors further along the corridor a clarinet and a saxophone are apparently having a race to see which can reach the end of the bar first. The man in the next room is strumming a ukulele. I am no musician, but there is no hesitation on my part in at once placing him in the tyro class. Below me a gentleman. Mark you, I say gentleman, for he is a bigger man than I, and has the most devilish instrument of them all. I have never dared to go down to see what it was lest I should be tempted to destroy it. It only has one note; at least that is all he has ever succeeded in getting out of it. It sounds like the proverbial small boy's first whistle—only multiplied one hundred fold. In yet another room, caudo-ventrad from my left ear when I sleep on my right side, someone else toots a lute by the hour, week in and week out. I once spent four hours in a Chinese theatre listening to an orchestra which evidently had only two bars of music in its repertoire. What we have to put with in the men's residence is even worse than that.

At 8 p. m. study hour begins—or does not begin, according to circumstances as you will see from what follows.

Reluctantly I turn to my books, for I have a bitter pill ahead of me. A night of physics. However, the medicine must be taken. The first problem is this: 'With what acceleration would a monkey have to climb up a loose rope to prevent the rope slipping over a pulley.' I'm an entomologist, not a zoologist, and I consider the above problem as entirely out of my sphere. That is the one complaint I have against this institution of learning. The

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courses are not adapted to the students. We have to spend nearly all our time adapting ourselves to the courses. A much more suitable problem for those in the entomological option would be as follows: 'If a millipede runs a mile in a minute, how many centimetres would a centipede walk in a century?' All monkey problems should be left to the Darwinians.

8 p. m. I start rigging up the pulley and attaching the monkey.

8.05 Arrives a friend.

8.30 Friend goes. Back to problem.

8.35 A visitor enters.

9 p. m. Exeunt visitor.

9.05 Man arrives. As I had just got the monkey nicely balanced on the end of the rope I eye the last comer askance. After keeping up a one-sided conversation for about fifteen minutes he discovers that he is a *persona non grata*, and departs thinking that I am a surly churl.

9.20 The President of the House Committee calls and relieves me of \$8.00 as a small contribution towards the dance and other student activities.

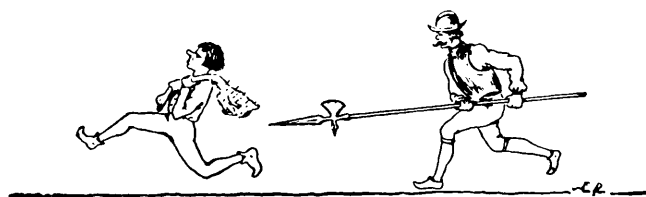
9.25 A telephone call. I hastily don many of the articles of attire which I usually discard when I get down to business, and descend to the booth. It may be an invitation out to Sunday dinner. It may not. It is not. My friend's baby has a new tooth and he thought I would like to know about it. If I had my way I would provide all babies with false teeth to start with because that is what they get back to eventually anyway.

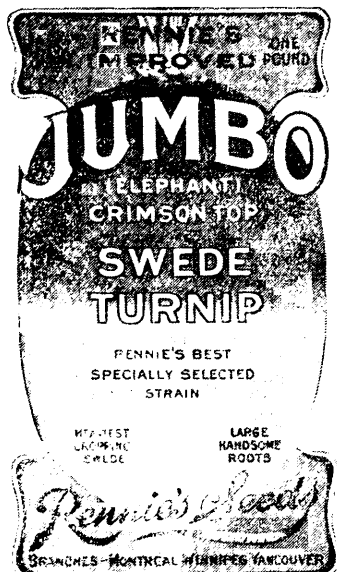
9.35 Back to the problem. There are certain recommendations to be made in regard to this problem which may of assistance to future students. First, tie a knot in the end of your rope. Second, select a light, active monkey. The old boy I had couldn't get up that rope fast enough. Besides, after having been kept waiting so long he was getting snappy, like myself.

11.30 p. m. Whirrr! Whizz!! Bang!!! I awoke with a start. Both monkey and rope were gone to perdition I hope.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.





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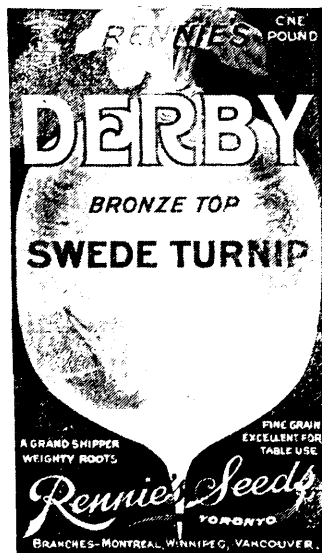
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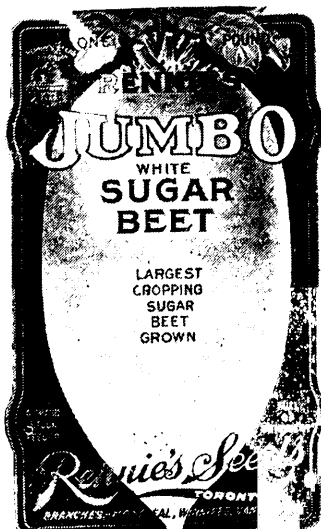
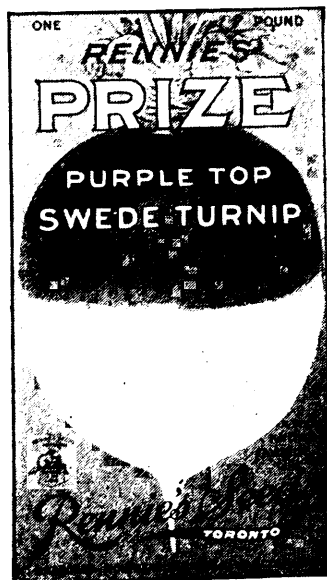
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THE EPICUREANS OF M. A. C.

(The minutes of their last weekly meeting)

The weekly gathering of the above clan was held on Saturday evening last at Mrs. Wright's Maison des Eats, the members graciously foregoing the pleasure of their pre-Sabbath ablutions in order to share in the material and immaterial benefits of the meeting. The hour being 10 p. m., the lady members of the society were conspicuous by their absence.

In the absence of the president, who for the time being was suffering from Dead Brokitis, the chair was occupied by the Vice-President, Major Stomac Ake. Egg-a-nogg sandwiches, toast and coffee being ordered all around, the business of the evening was proceeded with.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the secretary, who regretted having to report the death, since the last meeting, of one of our most enthusiastic members, whose untimely demise was caused by partaking too freely of lobster nuberg.

Matters dealing with the future welfare of the club were then dealt with as follows:

On motion of Mr I(s) Cream seconded by Capt. Van Iller, it was decided, that in future membership be limited to those whose credit was approved of by Dunn's and Bradstreet's. Mr. C. Me Thru asked that his name go on record as strongly objecting to this motion.

Mr. U. R. Famished then spoke at length on the evils of going to bed on an empty stomach and his views were unanimously accepted by the other members, who immediately passed a resolution that any member who could not eat three pieces of blue-berry pie with ice cream after 11. p. m., without keeping his

wife up all night, be forthwith expelled from membership in the Society.

Mr. I. Mustapha Pie here interrupted the meeting to order icy apple all around. (Dutch treat of course.)

The meeting then proceeded to discuss various suggestions regarding the conducting of the college dining room, and the Secretary was requested to notify Miss Green of the following resolutions:

(1) That a vote of thanks be tendered that missionary in the field of dietitics, who persuaded Miss Green of the truthfulness of that old adage "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Some of the members were of the opinion that the serving of the old apple or orange, in conjunction with the new bell, was merely a ruse on the part of the lady in question to get the girls out of bed in the morning, but by a majority vote it was decided to give her the benefit of the doubt.

(2) That in future, that brown insect, *Cockroachia*, be barred from the dining room.

(3) That Sunday morning chips be fed in self feeders.

(4) That the individual pie acreage be increased from its present size of .0002 sq. inches to 44 sq. ft.

(5) That the butter fat content of the milk be increased, as complaints are being received from our ambitious 'Charlie Chaplin' raisers, that such appendages will not thrive on skim milk.

(6) That Football pudding be served on days when Chemistry is on the boards, it being a nice subject to sleep through.

There being no further business, all the members belts being extended to the last notch and their credit to the last sou, and with a vote of thanks to Lena for her prompt (?) service during the evening, the meeting adjourned, at midnight.

(Signed) Omar Kahyman, *President*.



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Write for a Calendar of the Faculty in which you are interested.

W. E. McNEILL, M.A., Ph.D., Registrar.

Bolshevism at Macdonald

It is reported that in Colleges in Russia, which are controlled by the Bolsheviks, discipline does not exist. Imagine the possible results of the spread of Bolshevism to Macdonald College!

Monday, February 12th. After breakfast at 10.30 a. m., a meeting was held to decide whether the student body should go to lectures or not. In a speech lasting a little over two hours Red Armitski gave his arguments in favour of discontinuance of lectures. Levinovitch raised objections and an uproar ensued. Finally, Levinovitch was ejected and the House Committee was ordered to repair the broken window and to pay expenses out of its own pockets. Dinner was served in the Music room and at 4.30 p. m. the meeting adjourned until the morrow.

Tuesday, February 13th. Meeting resumed at 12 noon. It was decided to replace Dr. Snelski with M. Wurtski in the chair of chemistry, M. Wurtski having given an undertaking to abolish 'supps' and to eliminate the 'test.' Mr. McQuatvitch was arraigned before the student body and accused of friendliness towards the faculty. He was sentenced to six months on the House Committee. Meeting adjourned at 3 p. m. Games and music followed.

Wednesday, February 14th. The lady students were invited to an 'At Home' in the mens' gym. Mme. Russeluski protested. The funeral will take place on Saturday. The party was a great success and it was with great regrets that the 'Red Flag' was sung at three o'clock the following morning.

Thursday, February 15th. A note was received from Dean Sleepski, inviting the students to attend a lecture at 3 p. m. today, cigarettes and candies to be provided, and 'fussing' to be encouraged. After a lengthy discussion the student body decided to accept the invitation but M. Whatnowski, the lecturer, being rather dry, was treated to a drink of hot sulphuric acid, and Walfordovitch, Hodjinowski and Tulluskfree gave a few selections. In the evening Angeleski was discovered studying in his room and was expelled. An ultimatum was sent to Dr. Lyndorff demanding the installation of a system whereby breakfast could be brought to one's bedside. Penalty for non-compliance — unconditional surrender of the Fizzix Chair.

Friday, February 16th. Two members of the Faculty, Dr. Runoff and Prof. Shootalineski were charged with having failed to raise their hats to Comrade Matthews. Their services were dispensed with. A meeting of the executive was held in order to fix a date for the next lecture, but members failed to agree. It was decided to have a sleigh drive instead.

Saturday, February 17th. The funeral of Wednesday's victim took place. It was a great success. At a lecture in Animal Husbandry, M. Nessonovitch was fined \$40 for talking back to the students. A banquet was held in the dining hall and M. Hetheroff spoke upon "Water-drinking and its Dangers." Red Smithinoff was asked to drown the pet woodpecker which he keeps in his room. —J. A. M. '24.





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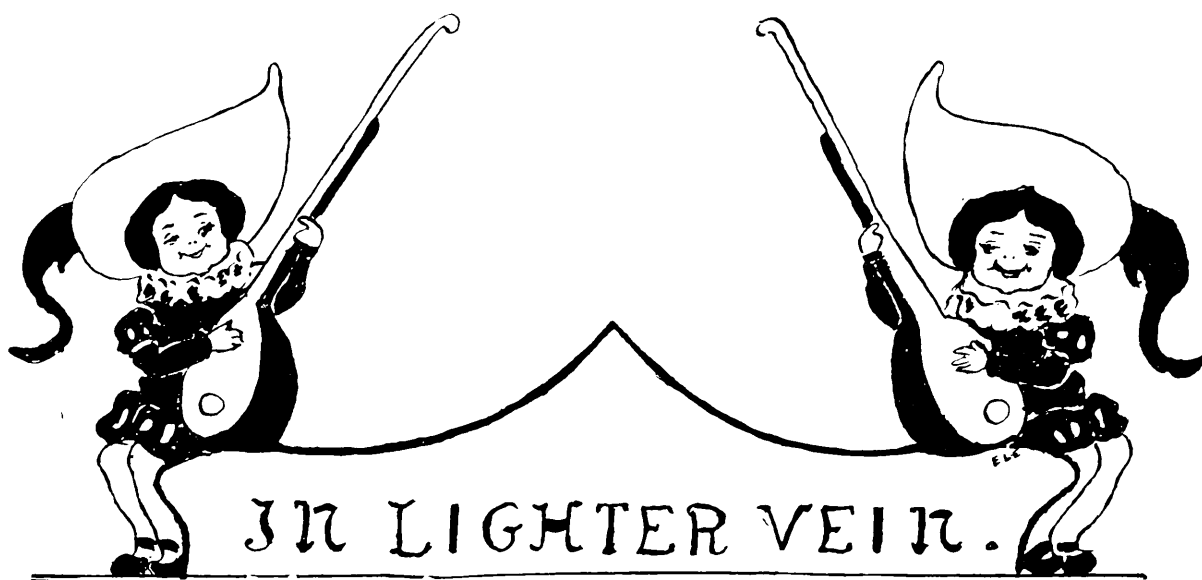
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Dr. Lynde:—"Heat causes things to expand, cold makes them contract. Now give me an instance."

Stude:—"The holidays. In summer they last eight weeks; in winter, two."

* * *

Mac. — "What's that thing, Brownlee?"

Cecil—"I'm going to call it "The Portrait of a Flapper."

Mac. — "Why don't you finish the head?"

Cecil. — "Can't, the paint's not thick enough."

* * *

Overheard at a Sat. Night Entertainment:—"Will you play "A Kiss in the dark" for us, Mitch?"

Mitch: "Sorry, can't, it's not dark enough."

* * *

A Study in Manners

At a recent entertainment a Senior, Sophomore, and a Freshman were together when a Science girl entered. The Senior remarked that someone should get the lady a chair. The Freshman went out and brought one in. The Sophomore promptly sat down in it.—*Printer's Piffle*

"Are you sure he's a college man?"

"Why, yes, father, he has a Yale key."

* * *

Minister—"My Boy, do you ever attend a place of worship?"

George—"Yes, sir, I'm on my way to see her now."

* * *

Teachers, be Careful!

She was trying to impress upon her pupils the importance of doing right at all times, and to bring out the answer "Bad Habits" she enquired—"What is it we find it so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?"

There was an intense silence.

Then one little fellow ventured, "Bed"

* * *

He: "Why do keep asking me if I was wounded?"

She (coily): "You seem to have lost the use of your arms."

* * *

Maloney Jr.—"Whats an 'amicable settlement, Pa?"

Maloney Sr.—"A town where there's no Oirish, sonny."

* * *

Prof. "What is space?"

Frosh. "It is—it is—I have it in my head sir, but I can't explain it."—*McGill Daily*

Frosh:—"Great bunch of girls here at Macdonald. Everytime I pass them in the corridor they smile at me.

Soph:—"Yes, they're too polite to laugh outright."

* * *

What is the difference between a sofa, a comb and a toothbrush?

(See next mag. for answer.)

* * *

It Happened

"A fool," said the Prof. to the student who asked a catch question, "can ask things a wise man can't answer."

"Is that the reason" asked a student in the back row, "why I flunked, last term, in this subject?"

* * *

Prof. Snell (after handing out Exam. paper)—"Does it need much explanation, Mr. R?"

Mr. R.—"No, only about twenty pages."

Heard in the Girl's Building

"I pomised Alice not to memtion this to a soul, because she got it in strictest confidence from someone who was pledged to absoluey secrecy; so before I tell you, you must give me your word not to even breathe a hint of it

* * *

Dad (visiting college)—"Son, these are better cigars than I can afford."

Son—"That's allright, Dad, take all you want, this is on me."

* * *

At Wright's

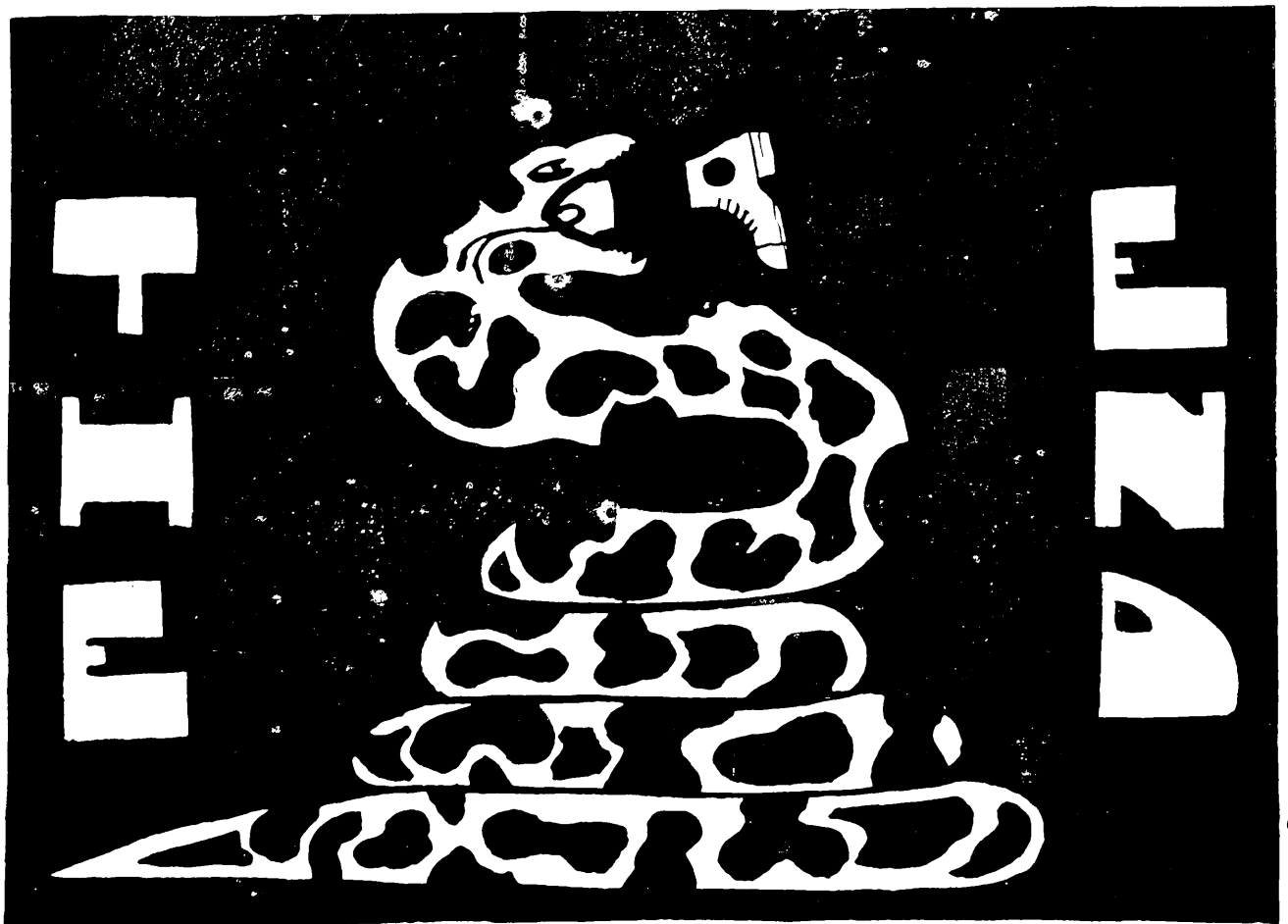
Marj: "How does 'A Kiss in the dark' go?"

Holy--"It goes fine Marj, take it from me."

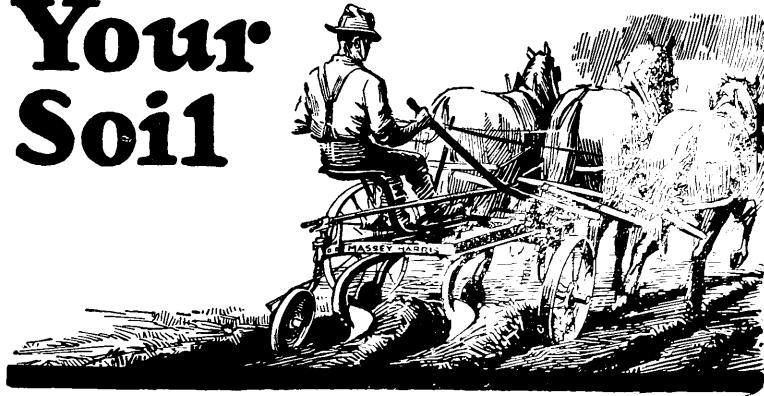
Marj: "No, I will not."

* * *

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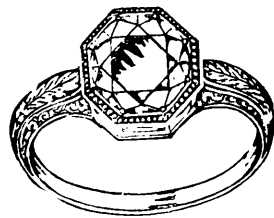
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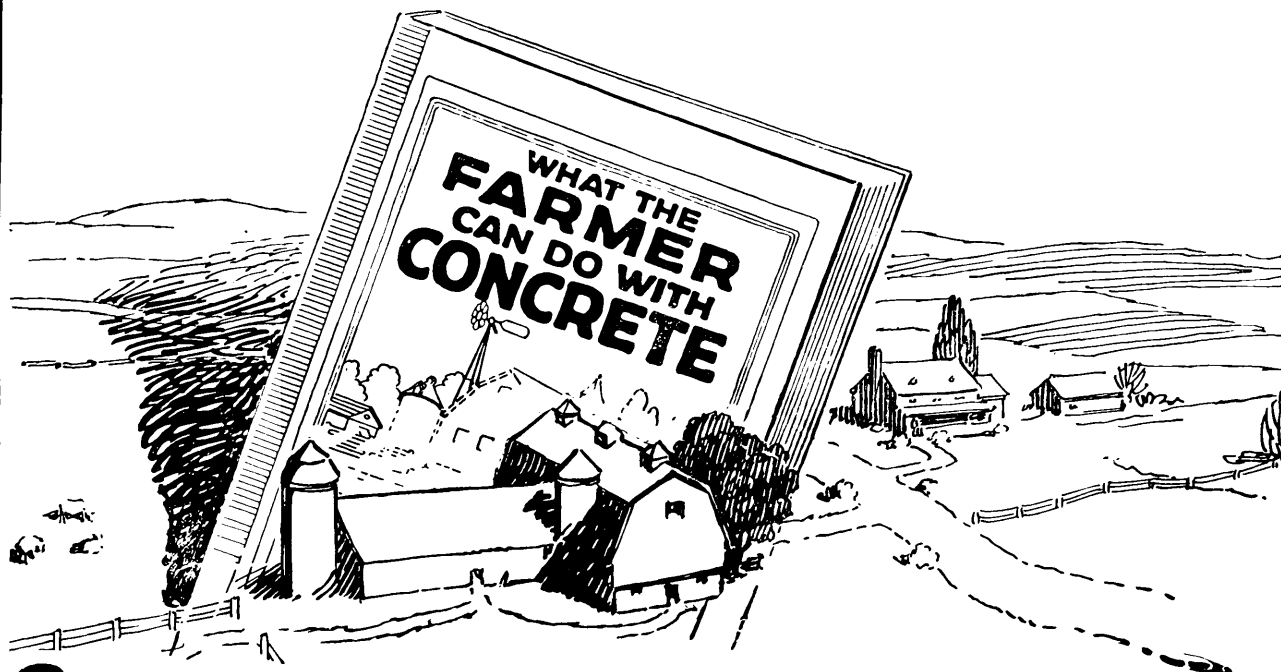
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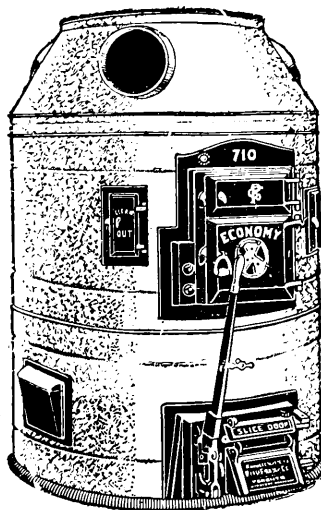
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